

WESSEX



M.A.

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# WESSEX

An Annual Record  
of the Movement for a  
University of Wessex

VOL. III No. 1

Published by  
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for  
University College, Southampton  
1934



## NOTICES

WESSEX is designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX based on University College, Southampton, and also to provide an Annual Review of Intellectual Affairs for the district. It is published annually at the end of May.

THE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION is ONE SHILLING AND NINEPENCE. It is payable in advance to the Registrar, University College, Southampton. WESSEX will be sent post free to all subscribers. It can be purchased from booksellers for One Shilling and Sixpence (Post free 1/9).

CONTRIBUTIONS consisting of Articles, Stories, Poems or Drawings should be sent to the Editor, Professor V. DE S. PINTO, University College, Southampton. They should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. All MSS. should be typewritten. Neither the Editor nor the University College are responsible for opinions expressed in signed articles or reviews.

PUBLISHERS and AUTHORS of books connected in any way with Wessex are invited to send copies for review to the Editor, University College, Southampton.

ADVERTISEMENTS and all communications concerning them should be addressed to The Pilgrim Press Ltd., Folkestone.

A FEW COPIES of the First Six Numbers of WESSEX are still available. They can be obtained on application to the Registrar, University College, Southampton.

TITLE PAGES AND INDEXES for the FIRST TWO VOLUMES of WESSEX (1928-1930 and 1931-1933) are now ready. Possessors of the first six numbers who wish to bind them can obtain the Title pages and Indexes on application to the Editor. Applications should be accompanied by sixpence in stamps to defray cost of printing and postage. A uniform binding is also available and can be supplied on application to the Editor.

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# Wessex

An Annual Record of the Movement for  
a University of Wessex

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VOL. III No. 1

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1st JUNE, 1934

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## WESSEX, 1934

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE present number of *Wessex* is the beginning of the third volume, and it represents also the beginning of a new stage in the history of the publication. Its connection with the Oxford University Press, which was little more than nominal, has been severed, and the Pilgrim Press, a firm that specializes in the publication of local and county periodicals, has become our publisher. A new editorial board has also been formed, consisting of Professor Pinto (editor), Mr. Leishman (sub-editor), Professor Menzies (Science editor), Dr. Lawton (Art editor) and Mr. Hodgson (Secretary). These arrangements involve no change in editorial policy, which will continue to have as its objects the building up of a University of Wessex on the basis of the present University College, Southampton, and at the same time the provision of an annual review of intellectual affairs for the Wessex area. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Humphrey Milford, of the Oxford University Press, for allowing us to use the name of his great firm during the first years of the life of *Wessex*, and of acknowledging the courtesy and excellent business arrangements of our new publisher, the Pilgrim Press. *Wessex* will continue to be printed as before in Southampton, by Mr. Hobbs, of Shirley Road.

Work has been started on the new College Library presented by the Misses Sims, of Southampton, and designed by Colonel R. F. Gutteridge, with Sir Giles Gilbert Scott as consultant Architect. The steel framework of the Library, which will form the central block of the College buildings, is now in position, and it is hoped that it will be ready for use by the beginning of next year. We have pleasure in reproducing in the present issue of *Wessex* a photograph by Mr. F. W. Anderson, showing the building in course of construction. Next year we hope to publish a full description of the Library with illustrations.

A course for the University of London Diploma in Divinity has been established this Session. The course has been arranged with the co-operation of the Theological Colleges of Salisbury and Chichester, and the Central Advisory Council for the Training

## WESSEX

of Ordinands for the Ministry has approved residence for a part of the period of training as an equivalent to residence at one of the Theological Colleges. The Diocese of Chichester has recently endowed two Bursaries at the College for students intending to read for Holy Orders. It is hoped that these arrangements will lead ultimately to the formation of a Faculty of Theology.

Preparations have now been completed for the first University Summer School which has ever been held at Southampton. The School will begin on 28th July and last until the 12th August. One section will consist of courses for French Teachers arranged in connection with the British Institute in Paris. The other section will be designed for English Teachers. The subjects for the course for French Teachers will be Contemporary English Literature, Economics, Modern History and Philosophy. The English Teachers' Course will be in Geography, Biology and English.

A senior member of the Senate, Professor E. S. Lyttel, M.A., F.I.S., is retiring this Summer from the Chair of History which he has held since 1911. Professor Lyttel has been one of the most versatile and popular members of the College Staff. He will be remembered at University College as a fine scholar, a brilliant teacher, a kindly and loyal colleague, an ardent lover of the arts, and especially of music, and an enthusiastic gardener. He was President of the Wessex Historical Society, and he founded the Southampton Chamber Music Club, which holds its concerts at University College, and has performed a great service for musical education in the district. The Southampton Gardeners' Society is another of his creations, and his own magnificent garden at Chilworth is a testimony to his great knowledge of horticulture and his exquisite taste. He will take with him into his retirement the best wishes of a multitude of friends both within and outside the College walls, and of his numerous pupils who will remember with gratitude his energetic and inspiring teaching.

Dr. J. Rutherford, Lecturer in History at University College, Southampton, has been appointed to the Chair of History at Auckland College in the University of New Zealand.

*Wessex* congratulates Dr. Rutherford on this well-deserved promotion and wishes Mrs. Rutherford and her husband all happiness and success in their new life in the Dominions.

*Wessex* is late in welcoming Professor A. C. Menzies, who succeeded Professor Stansfield in the Chair of Physics in 1932. The news of Professor Menzies' appointment came too late to appear in the 1932 issue and was omitted by an oversight last year. We desire to repair the omission now by welcoming Professor Menzies very heartily both as Professor of Physics and also as the new Science Editor of this magazine, and we take the opportunity of congratulating him on the valuable work that he has already carried out in his Department.

The Oxford University expedition to Spitzbergen last summer included two members of the Staff of University College, Southampton, Mr. E. E. Mann and Mr. F. C. Stott. Mr. Mann, who was in charge of the base camp and who carried out an important survey of the country, contributes an article on his experiences to this

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

number of *Wessex*. Readers of the *Times* will remember the report of Mr. Mann's adventurous single-handed voyage to Advent Bay, which appeared in that journal on 16th October.

Professor Cave-Browne-Cave, head of the Department of Engineering, is secretary to the British Association Committee on Noise. A recent correspondence in the *Times* initiated by the Committee showed that the most objectionable noise was thought to be that of the motor-cycle exhaust. In consequence experiments on the repression of such noises have been started in the Department of Engineering. These experiments have been rendered possible by a kind donation from Lord Wakefield.

The Director of the Avon Biological Research, Professor Rae Sherriffs, has issued this year a very interesting and excellently produced Report giving the results of the preliminary investigations. We are glad to include in this number of *Wessex* an article by Mr. J. Berry, who is conducting the research under Professor Sherriff's direction.

This Session has been remarkably prolific in publications by members of the College Staff. In the Autumn of 1933 Miss E. E. Phare (Mrs. A. Duncan Jones) published her study of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Early in 1934 Mr. J. B. Leishman's verse translations of the poems of Rainer Maria Rilke appeared. Dr. Ford's survey of economic conditions in Southampton called *Work and Wealth in a Modern Port* and Professor Pinto's study of *Peter Sterry, Puritan and Platonist*, the seventeenth century mystic and Chaplain to Cromwell, were both published in the Easter Vacation. We are glad to include in the present issue of *Wessex* a study of Rainer Maria Rilke by Mr. Leishman, which will be of particular interest to readers of his remarkable translations from the work of that poet.

A hundred years ago the martyrs of Tolpuddle, James Loveless and his companions, were tried at Dorchester and sentenced to transportation. It is appropriate that this year's issue of *Wessex* should contain an account of these heroic Dorset men who suffered for the cause of Trade Unionism, and we are grateful to Mr. J. H. Matthews, District Secretary of the Southern Branch of the Workers' Educational Association, who has written an article for us describing the Tolpuddle tragedy.

The death of Captain J. G. Withycombe, of the Ordnance Survey, last winter was lamented by his many friends at University College and in the town of Southampton. Captain Withycombe was one of the finest amateur artists in England, and we gratefully acknowledge the privilege of being allowed to reproduce one of his etchings in this number of *Wessex* to serve as an illustration to the appreciation of his work which has been written for us by Mr. R. H. Green.

Distinguished Lecturers who have given addresses at the College during the Session include Professor J. E. V. Crofts, of Bristol University, Professor F. E. Lloyd, President of the Royal Society of Canada, Mr. E. Scott Paine, Sir Richard Terry, Mr. J. M. Scott, Secretary of the Everest Expedition, 1933, Mr. F. L. Hichens, Chairman of Cammell, Laird, Ltd., and Professor R. W. Chambers, of University College, London.

## WESSEX

Several memorable dramatic performances have taken place at the College during the Session. On the 1st November the Théâtre Classique Universitaire paid its annual visit and gave an excellent performance of *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*. On 3rd November The Roger Williams Travelling Company performed *Much Ado About Nothing*, and on February 21st-23rd the Southampton Repertory Players acted *Macbeth* before very large audiences drawn both from the College and local residents. The Students' Choral and Operatic Society gave an excellent rendering of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* on the 2nd and 3rd March, and the Travelling Theatre performed Shakespeare's *Hamlet* on March 15th and *Macbeth* and *Henry V* on March 16th.

\* \* \* \* \*

The University Grants Committee made its Quinquennial visit to the College on the 15th and 16th February. The party consisted of Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell, Chairman, Sir Arthur Hill, Sir George Macdonald, Professor W. P. Wynne, Sir Frederic Kenyon, Sir Stanley Leathes, Professor G. I. Taylor, Mr. John Beresford, Secretary, and Mr. W. C. Chesterman, Assistant Secretary. The members of the Committee visited the Halls of Residence on the 15th February and lunched with the Principal and the Wardens. They took tea with the Senate at New Hall, and after tea had a very full and frank discussion with members of that body. On the 16th February they made an inspection of the College, lunched with students, and after lunch met the Students' Council. In the afternoon they met the College Council which was specially convened for that purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Boat Club and various Athletic Teams have had another successful season, and the Association Football team, for the first time in its history, has succeeded in reaching the final of the Inter-Varsity Competition.

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## SONNET

by S. GURNEY DIXON

THE lustre of that jewelled dagger slung  
Below Orion's belt : the moon's cold beam  
When Day has fled and Night's round shield is hung  
Within his dusky tent : the sudden gleam  
Of falling star, a silver javelin flung  
By ambushed foe : the northern lights that stream  
Through star-pierced skies, like waving pennons strung  
From lifted spears : and lightnings swift that seem  
Like sharp steel swords unsheathed and hurled among  
The storm-clouds' struggling shoulders,—these we deem  
But several aspects of one splendour, sprung  
From some unchanging, timeless Source supreme.  
So Truth is ever diverse on Man's tongue,  
And Beauty is transmuted in his dream.



## THE PLACE OF SOUTHAMPTON IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

### I

ONE of the most fascinating of studies in historical geography is that which relates to the origin and development of towns.

Man is not by nature a town-dweller, and whenever he leaves the solitudes and silences of the country for the congestion and cacophonies of cities, his action is one that demands explanation. Sometimes need of defence against formidable foes sends him in crowds to the fortifiable tops of hills ; at other times hopes of commercial gain lure him in companies to the marts where primitive track-ways cross, or the borders where early communities meet. *Quot civitates, tot causae*. But the site of every town presents the problems: Why originally did men congregate in this locality, and why did they choose this precise spot rather than any other in the vicinity?

Now in the case of Southampton these problems are unusually simple of solution. For the site of the town is such that from the remote age when Britain became an island, and Southampton Water an arm of the sea, it has been marked out by nature as a spot of primary importance. For at this date, remote though it is, man had probably learned the arts of boatmaking and navigation. And to sea-rovers Southampton Water, with its deep recesses and its island screen, is one of the finest natural harbours in the world, while the settlement at its head commands two of the main highways into the interior of England. It commands the Valley of the Test by means of which access is gained to the Hampshire uplands. It also commands the Valley of the Itchen which, by way of the gap through the South Downs at Winchester, leads towards the gap in the North Downs at Basingstoke, and so gives access to the valley of the Thames to the ford at Wallingford, and beyond it to the central tableland of Mercia.

### II

There is ample evidence that the importance of the site was recognised by the primitive inhabitants of the island from the very earliest times. The palæolithic implements that abound in the gravel beds of the neighbourhood, *e.g.*, at Highfield and at Shirley, belong, of course, to ages ere Britain had been separated from the

## WESSEX

Continent. The neolithic tools and weapons that are found in the peat beds that underlie and fringe Southampton Water are the oldest relics of human habitation in the neighbourhood since it assumed its present geographical configuration. Their situation, and that of the bronze implements that succeeded them, make it practically certain that for thousands of years before the Christian era there was a track leading from the shore near the site of the modern town-pier up through what is now the High Street, past the Bar Gate and the Ordnance Office, and so on to the great dip in the downs occupied now by the city of Winchester. This track must rank as among the oldest roads in Britain.

Shortly before the advent of the Romans—probably round about 150 B.C.—Winchester had become the tribal centre of a large immigrant section of the Belgae from Northern Gaul. And it would seem that, in order to protect themselves from attack and to keep open their communications with their kinsmen across the Channel, they established a fortified outpost at the spot now known as Bitterne Manor, that is to say, the small and low-lying peninsula formed by the River Itchen in its winding course below St. Denys. This post, naturally protected on three sides by the stream, they defended on the fourth side by two deep moats still traceable in the twentieth century.

The Romans, when they came to settle in Britain, towards the middle of the first century of the Christian era, early occupied and took possession of this site—to which they gave the name of Clausentum—probably a Latinised form of its old British name. They strengthened the defences on the land side by building a massive wall of which one great fragment still remained when last I visited the spot (1910). That this fort was occupied during the whole period of the Roman ascendancy is suggested by the fact that coins have been unearthed upon the site covering all the centuries from the first (Tiberius, died A.D. 37) to the fifth (Arcadius, died A.D. 408). Among the other interesting relics which the site has yielded are two inscribed milestones of the time of the usurper Tetricus (A.D. 267-73), and an altar-stone dedicated to a goddess, otherwise unknown, namely, *Ancasta*, possibly the reputed guardian of the river.

But, although Clausentum may have been a Roman military station throughout the whole of the four centuries of the Roman rule, it was not until the end of the period that its defences were in serious

## THE PLACE OF SOUTHAMPTON IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

danger of attack. During the first and second centuries of the Christian era the only serious menace to the Roman authority in Britian came from the Scots of Ireland and the Picts of Caledonia, and to guard against attacks from these quarters the Romans established their legions at York, Chester, Caerleon on Usk. In the middle of the third century, however, a new enemy appeared in the sea-roving Teutons—Angles, Saxons and Jutes—from across the North Sea. Hence the Romans had to shift some of their legionaries from Wales to Kent; they had to build a fleet, and they had to appoint a new military and naval official—the Count of the Saxon Shore—to organise the south-eastern defence of the diocese. Clausentum seems to have been the westerly outpost of his dominions, and it was probably under his direction that at Bitterne the wall was built whose remains were still eloquent of strength after sixteen centuries of attrition.

### III

In the declining Roman Empire, however, the Counts of the Saxon Shore tended to become more dangerous to the imperial authority than even the barbarians whom they were intended to combat. One after another they revolted against their masters, used their fleets for the invasion of the Continent, and led their deluded legions to destruction in suicidal civil war. The great numbers of the elsewhere-rare coins of Tetricus (A.D. 267-73), Carausius (A.D. 287-94), Allectus (A.D. 294-6) and Maximus (A.D. 383-88) found at Bitterne suggest that Clausentum was an important base of their brief usurped authority.

These revolts, even though in the end they were crushed, weakened the Roman power in Britain, and early in the fifth century it vanished away. Then the Saxon Shore—the region from the Wash to Southampton Water—speedily passed into the possession of the Teutonic invaders. No fewer than five separate kingdoms were established within its limits, namely, the Jutish kingdom of Kent, the Angle kingdom comprising Norfolk and Suffolk, and the three Saxon kingdoms of Essex, Sussex, and Wessex. Of these five, Wessex was destined to be incomparably the most important: it was destined to expand into the Kingdom of England, the united realm of Great Britain and Ireland, and finally the British Empire. And it was with Wessex that Southampton was associated. If the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is correct, it was from Southampton Water that, in

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A.D. 495, the kingdom of Wessex had its rise. Archæology, however, seems to indicate that the Thames, rather than the Channel, was the original base of the West Saxon power, and that Winchester, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight, all passed comparatively late, *i.e.*, during the seventh century, under the West Saxon control. Be that as it may, Southampton was not a place of very great importance during the Anglo-Saxon period. For the rulers of this period—with the exception of King Alfred—neglected sea-power. Their peoples, too, did little to develop an overseas commerce. Hence the unique advantages of Southampton as a naval base and as an emporium of trade were not appreciated. The weakness of the Saxon sea-power was deplorably evident when, in the ninth century, the raids of the Vikings became frequent and formidable. In 837 thirty-three Danish vessels sailed up Southampton Water and poured their pirate crews upon the shore at 'Hamton'. In 860 another invasion took place, in the course of which Winchester was captured and sacked. But Southampton itself, being in all probability small and poor, escaped serious damage until the close of the tenth century. Then, again and again—in 979, 981, 994, 998, 1001, 1003, and 1009—both the town and its vicinity were ravaged and despoiled. Heartily relieved must the survivors of the devastation have been when in 1016 the conflict was over, even though it left the Vikings victorious. It was in Southampton itself that the Witan of England assembled in 1017 to recognise Canute as King, and it was in Southampton also, at a later date, according to Henry of Huntingdon, that occurred the famous episode in which the King and the waves played the leading parts. The building known as 'Canute's Palace', although of twelfth-century Norman construction, commemorates the Danish king's frequent visits to the town. For the town was growing in importance. The Danes were pre-eminently seamen and traders. Their empire included Scandinavia, the Orkneys and the Shetlands, the Hebrides, the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland. Sea-connections were its very conditions of existence. The port of Hamton began to recover its place of eminence.

### IV

But it was the Norman conquest that established its importance and renown. And it was the Norman period that saw the fortification of the town, the building of the Bargate, the erection of a castle and a great royal palace within its precincts, and a vast development of its commercial wealth. For the Normans possessed both the

## THE PLACE OF SOUTHAMPTON IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

shores of the Channel, so that during a period of nearly a century and a half (1066-1205) there was a constant crossing and recrossing of the narrow seas that divided England from France. Southampton was one of the most popular ports of embarkation, and the frequent visits of kings and nobles gave it an immense vogue and brought to it not a little prosperity. Another thing, also, tended to its advancement: it was near the New Forest, and the royal hunting parties often assembled within its borders ere they set forth on the chase.

This period of peaceful development was, however, brought to an end in the disastrous reign of John. His loss of Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Tourraine in 1204-5, severed England from the northern portion of France, and converted the Channel from a Norman lake into a scene of incessant and embittered naval warfare. Even when the governments of England and France were normally at peace, the seamen of the Channel ports waged a truceless conflict for the fisheries and the coastal commerce of the narrow waters. For some three centuries (1205-1485) the struggle went on, and during its course every town within reach of the sea on both sides of the Channel was sacked and incinerated, usually more than once. Southampton became primarily a fortress, and the burden of maintaining the circuit of the walls with its seven gates and twenty-nine towers was one that pressed heavily on the loyal burgesses. The kings, in return for their service and devotion, showed them many favours. A whole series of charters conferred upon them extensive rights of self-government. Their merchant-gild and their craft-gilds enabled them to amass wealth from exclusive commerce and industry. The import of wines from Gascony, and the export of wools to Flanders gave employment to a growing population. From 1317 or thereabouts, moreover, the Venetian fleet came to make Southampton one of its ports of call on its annual voyage from the Adriatic to the North Sea, and it introduced a new commerce in the spices and fabrics of the East.

But always in the later Middle Ages was peaceful commerce menaced by fear of banditry and war. On the one hand, the Isle of Wight was a nest of pirates and wreckers whose depredations defied suppression. On the other hand, the raids of the Norman and Breton seamen were always to be looked for. During three turbulent centuries the walls of Southampton were incessantly patrolled, and the men of the town were constantly on the alert for the call to arms.

On October 4, 1338, they were caught by a surprise force of

## WESSEX

Frenchmen armed with that novel and terrifying weapon a big gun (*pot de fer*). The French occupied the walls for twenty-four hours, and then retired to their ships laden with booty, having set fire to the town in five places. They did not, however, escape with impunity. The country had been roused, and before they could embark with their plunder three hundred of their number had been laid low. The fire did immense damage, one of the buildings destroyed being the royal palace on the Western quay. This was never rebuilt, but its materials were used to erect that arcade work which still remains one of the most interesting and impressive monuments of this tragedy of six hundred years ago.

Twice again before the close of the century (1339 and 1377) was the town attacked by the French, but never again did the enemy succeed in effecting an entry. In 1406 the celebrated corsair Don Piro Nino brought a fleet of French and Spanish adventurers up Southampton Water, and encouraged them to assail the formidable walls of Southampton by telling them that the town before them was London, and that a world of wealth awaited them within its treasure-houses. But the task of storming the well-manned fortifications looked too big for them, and they withdrew to the easier conquest of Cowes.

## V

The conclusion of the long-continued French wars in the fifteenth century, and the establishment at the same time of the vigorous Tudor monarchs on the English throne, effected a remarkable change in the fortunes of both England as a whole and Southampton in particular. And that change was accentuated by the fact that it was synchronous with the Turkish conquest of Constantinople in the East and the Spanish discovery of America in the West. The mediæval world passed away and the modern world came into existence. It must be admitted that at first the transition from mediæval to modern was injurious to the fame and fortune of Southampton. In the first place, its function as a fortress came to an end. The fear of French invasion passed away, and, moreover, the rapid development of artillery rendered walls useless as a defence. Nevertheless for a very long period the conservative instincts of the kings compelled the citizens of Southampton to undergo the futile labour and exasperating expense of keeping the mile-and-a-quarter of battlements in repair. Secondly, this burden became intolerable because the commerce of the town dwindled and all but died. The severance of Gascony from England



## THE PLACE OF SOUTHAMPTON IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

ruined the wine trade ; the development of English cloth-manufacture put a stop to the export of wool ; the growing mercantilism of the government during Henry VIII's reign caused the visits of the Venetian fleet to cease. Evidences abound that before the close of the sixteenth century Southampton had sunk low in the slough of adversity and poverty.

### VI

But with the advent of the Stuarts, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, its fortunes began to revive. Its leading citizens showed energy and resource in opening up new avenues of activity. They developed an important commerce with the Channel Islands ; they fitted up fleets for the work of exploration and discovery that was making so rapid a progress at that time ; they obtained a large and lucrative share in the Newfoundland fisheries ; they specialised in smuggling and they indulged from time to time in a little profitable piracy. For the history of this cardinal and fascinating seventeenth century we have, by happy chance, in the borough archives, more ample material than for any preceding period, and a large part of this material has now been made accessible to local antiquarians through the publications of the Record Society. It would be a task well worth the toil of some devoted Southamptonian to reconstruct the history of the town in the seventeenth century from the ample sources available. A good foundation for the work has already been laid by Dr. F. W. Camfield in a notable dissertation which he wrote for the University of London in 1908. It can be seen in the University Library at South Kensington.

### VII

In the eighteenth century and for some years at the beginning of the nineteenth century—roughly 1750 to 1830—Southampton enjoyed a considerable vogue as a fashionable health resort. Royalty came and patronised its inns ; new Assembly Rooms were built on the Western Quay to provide accommodation for the weekly balls that custom demanded ; a theatre was erected in French Street (1766) ; seabathing establishments were set up ; an annual regatta was instituted ; horse-racing was started on the Common. Fine rows of commodious houses sprang up outside the circuit of the ancient walls. Cumberland Place, Bedford Place, Brunswick Place, Moira Place, Sussex Place, are all eloquent of this Georgian period from which they date.

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### VIII

The death of George IV in 1830, however, opened up a new era both for England and for Southampton. It was the era of democracy and of steam. The Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832 and the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835 inaugurated the period of popular self-government. The five years 1835-40 saw the construction of the railway between Southampton and London—Nine Elms at Vauxhall being then the terminus. The same lustrum also witnessed the formation of the Commercial Steam Packet Company, the beginning of the development of the docks, and the coming of the Peninsular and Oriental Line. The Royal Mail Company followed in 1842, and the Union-Castle Company in 1853.

Southampton thus attained an importance and a prosperity such as it had never known in earlier days. The increase of its population provides some index of its material advance. The Census of 1801 revealed the number of its inhabitants as 7,913; by 1851 this number had grown to 35,305; in 1901 it stood at 104,824. And more than most places it has been able to provide for its thronging populace a sufficiency of useful and profitable work, as well as the conditions of a pleasant and healthful existence. Long may it prosper.

F. J. C. HEARNSHAW.



## WATER WHEELS

by RUTH K. JENKINS

**R**OTATING slow, deep creaking low  
The water wheels are turning.  
Unheeded they, yet their dumb way  
Doth preach to the discerning.  
Bent, crabbed and old, stiff limbed and cold,  
The miller's steps go creeping.  
With none to weep he nears the deep dark doors  
that death is keeping.  
  
With leprous rot damp-darkening spot  
The mill with age is moulding.  
With blood-red eye rats scamper by,  
What orgies they are holding;  
As to, and fro, they come and go,  
Among the grain bags pirling:  
While the wheels slow, deep creaking low, the  
weighty grind-stone's hurling.

## THE ART OF CAPTAIN J. G. WITHYCOMBE

[This article was written as a review of the Exhibition of the late Captain G. Withycombe's pictures recently held at The Civic Centre, Southampton. It has been published in a slightly different form in *The Studio*.]

HOWEVER amusing and often interesting we may find the work of some of the younger painters of the modern school, to turn to the work of Captain J. G. Withycombe is to emerge from the stuffy and sometimes vitiated atmosphere of Bloomsbury into the clean, bright, invigorating air of the English countryside. His was an art which could be understood and enjoyed by simple people: it affords no excuse for the jargon of a pseudo-aestheticism. This is not to say that he was out of sympathy or uninfluenced by all that is best in modern painting. His mind was far too alert and active, too sincere, to be content to follow blindly in the path of tradition, and he was keenly interested in every artistic development, which seemed to be based on a sincere search for new angles of vision, new means of expression. His own work showed progressive development, and a growing power and vision, and it was only ultimately death which stopped the further growth, which his latest work promised so clearly. But the development which we see in his work is that of a steady growth of power to interpret that intense and passionate love of the English countryside, rather than the complete break with tradition, that some of his contemporaries and more of the younger painters have felt compelled to make.

Born of a long line of yeomen who had tilled the soil of Somerset for centuries, he had the love of the fields, the farms and softly rolling country of the West in his blood, and all his life sought to interpret his awareness and appreciation of its beauty, with all the power of a singularly direct and sincere personality.

Captain Withycombe was born and brought up in Somerset and, being a somewhat delicate boy, was not sent away to school, so that he spent the most impressionable years of his life surrounded by the scenes which interested him most throughout his career. His desire to be an artist was too unusual in such a family as his to be received with much sympathy, and after some experience of travel, he was articled to a Surveyor. At the age of twenty-four, however, circum-

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stances made it possible for him to abandon his career as a surveyor and become a painter. He married and settled at Holton St. Mary in Suffolk, one of a small group of painters who were strongly influenced by the Barbizon School, and who found in the water-meadows of Suffolk subjects which suited their mood. Many of his paintings of that period are to be found in the houses of East Anglian collectors, and this period is not adequately represented in the Memorial Exhibition of his work held at the Civic Centre at Southampton. His paintings, 'An Ipswich Street' and 'The Rubbish Dump', although different from his usual subjects at this time, were painted in Suffolk. The latter shows the first signs of an influence which was to affect his painting for the rest of his career. He began at this time to study the work and methods of the French Impressionists, especially of Monet, Sisley and Pissarro, who like himself were searching for methods which would interpret their joy in sunshine, air and colour. Many of his later paintings show signs of their influence, and pictures like 'The Itchen' and 'Worth Church', although in no way imitative, have qualities of freshness and vitality, and an understanding of the problems of light in relation to colour, which are worthy to stand beside the paintings of Monet and Sisley.

In 1911, the artist went to the Malay States, and worked as a surveyor in connection with the mining and rubber industries and on water-power schemes. While there he found time to paint, and to take an active part in the artistic activities of the Dependency. When War broke out in 1914, he sold the pictures he had painted while there, partly for the benefit of the Red Cross and partly to pay his passage back to England to enlist. He joined the Corps of Royal Engineers, and after the War he was retained on the permanent staff of the Ordnance Survey, with which service he was connected until his death in December, 1933.

The value of his work while he was in charge of the One Inch Map Department will be recognized by all who compare the maps issued under his direction with those of an earlier date. His knowledge of lettering and his strong feeling for design exerted an important influence on the later issues, and will be felt for long to come.

In his spare time, he returned to painting and etching, and, perhaps because his art was no longer a means to a living, his best work was done in this period. Most of the panels shown in the Memorial Exhibition belong to this period, and a considerable number

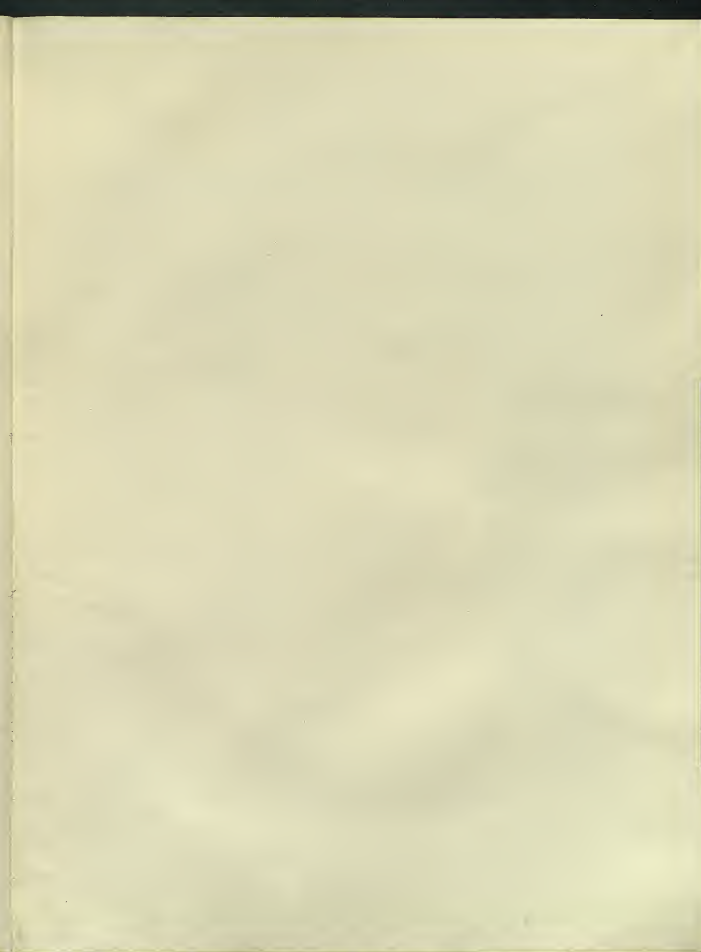


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UNDER THE BRIDGE.



## THE ART OF CAPTAIN J. G. WITHYCOMBE

of the larger pictures. Although a certain freshness and vitality is to be expected in these panels, which in most cases are rapid sketches, some merely notes of passing effects of light on a landscape, there is a remarkable completeness about these small paintings. The small panel, 'Blashenwell Farm', although obviously the work of a few hours and painted on the spot, represents some of the best qualities of his work, glowing colour, lively and vigorous brushwork and a sure feeling for design.

It is less usual to find this sparkle and vitality in larger and more finished paintings, but pictures such as 'Aspen Poplars' and 'Loading Seaweed' bear the stamp of a painter who works always in close contact with nature. None of these pictures smell of the studio.

The drawings exhibited were not made with a view to exhibition. Captain Withycombe was far too modest to treat every pencil note as something precious. They were selected from hundreds of drawings made in search of knowledge, but they indicate something of his power of analysis and selection, and his facility in handling. The pen drawing of Nursling is especially interesting for its vigorous interpretation of the scene and its economy of line.

Although the number of plates etched by him is not great, those exhibited show the mastery that he rapidly attained in the handling of the needle and the drypoint. 'Windswept Trees' and 'Elm Trees, Nursling', are especially direct and forcible in design and handling, while 'Wareham', with its crisp, sure and sensitive draughtsmanship, is an excellent example of his work with the needle.

Taken as a whole, Captain Withycombe's work impresses us with a unity of purpose and a singleness of aim which never became stereotyped. The artist was less concerned with the popular mode than with interpreting, with great simplicity and directness, his own deep appreciation of the beauty of the countryside. He did not seek the spectacular nor the dramatic, nor did he seek ugliness for fear of banality, and because of his honesty and sincerity, scenes which might have been banal as interpreted by some painters, have that emotional quality which is never felt in prettiness but is inherent in beauty.

R. H. GREEN.

## HEAVENLY MARRIAGE

by V. DE SOLA PINTO

YOU primrose sky so fresh and clean  
Behind loose curtains of soft grey cloud,  
Lead my spirit to your serene  
Lonely vastness, immense and proud.

Draw the cloud curtains, let me be  
One instant free from thought and breath,  
An instant holds eternity  
And life's but life and death but death.

Diana's burnisht silver breast  
Catches the gleam of the evening star,  
On the Archangel's sparkling crest  
The same light glitters from afar.

Angel and Goddess, will they meet,  
Daughter of Zeus, Jehovah's knight,  
Virginal Artemis, fierce and fleet,  
Michael endued with heavenly might?

Haste, I beseech, lest envious Fate  
Let the cloud curtain fall again,  
And waft me back to Love and Hate,  
And Joy and Fear and Loss and Gain.

The Heavenly Marriage is decreed,  
Dian shall lie in Michael's bed,  
He takes her on his winged steed,  
The huntress yields and she is led.

Up the high shining street of heaven,  
And the Sons of God sing roundelays,  
The Pleiads come with torches seven,  
To light the feast with starry blaze.

And forty thousand leagues below  
Where earth spins through time's unplumb'd deep,  
Unheeding, men walk to and fro,  
Or lie like logs in senseless sleep.

MAN AS SALMON VERMIN  
OR  
SOME MICROCOSMIC ASPECTS OF A FISHERY RESEARCH

‘THE Fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish. Moreover they that work in fine flax, and they that weave net-works, shall be confounded. And they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish’. Thus wrote the prophet Isaiah concerning one of the most extensive and elaborate fresh-water fisheries that the world has ever known, then at the zenith of its prosperity.

In addition to those directly engaged in the breeding, fattening in stew-ponds, and catching of the fish, that industry, then as to-day, gave comprehensive employment to the personnel of the divers fishing-tackle manufactories; and its national economic importance lay as much in this as in its essentially alimantal capacity.

Alas, ‘that which hath been done shall be done again’, and when a century ago the vast improvement in rapid transport occasioned by the advent of the railways opened up urban markets for fresh salmon, a form of diet previously relatively low esteemed, warnings that the stock of our rivers was not inexhaustible, and that unless great caution was observed by ‘those that spread nets upon the waters’, their trade would soon languish, received no greater credence than had been vouchsafed to the prophet of Israel some twenty-seven centuries before!

In the Hampshire Avon salmon usually spawn about December, although many of them have been in the river for eight or ten months previously, waiting until physiological metamorphosis of their reproductive organs together with pertinent conditions of the variant physical factors of their environment should conduce to the ineluctable consummation of their entity in the perpetuation of their species. Of the fry to which their spawn gives origin, the majority of those which survive the many dangers of the river, descend to the sea as ‘smolts’ some twenty-five months later, and return themselves to breed after a pelagic existence of from one to five years. The average sea-life is about three years, so that the mean reproductive cycle is approximately quadrennial; since under

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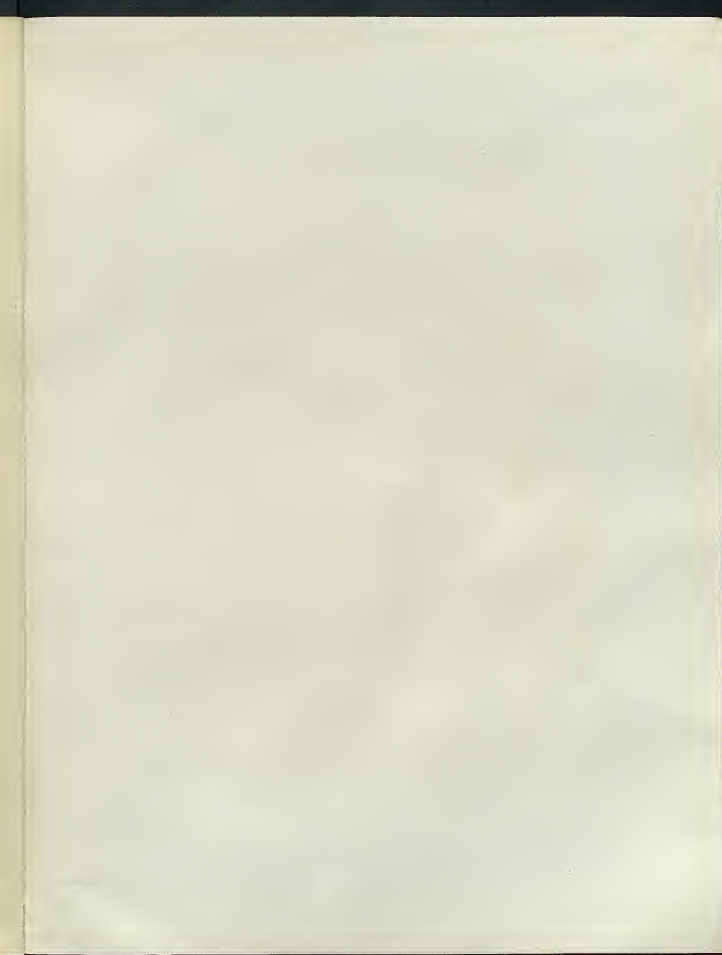
ideal natural conditions the survival of ova to maturity is only a fractional percentage, as may be readily appreciated, even acutely detrimental effects of flagrant over-netting, or pernicious obstruction of the anadromous parent fish are but relatively slow, though none the less sure, of producing an indubitable, and if unchecked, calamitous depreciation in permanent status.

That a woeful decrease has been taking place in the Avon salmon fishery over a large number of years is unfortunately but too apparent. 'Such as are wont to cast angle' into that river decided to ascertain what steps could be taken to mitigate the complete subversion of their fishery before it was too late, and the assistance of University College, Southampton, was solicited to aid in the scientific salvage of the river.

It was agreed that the only reliable method of arriving at a true conception of the position would be through a complete biological survey of the river, and although any such undertaking is of far too extensive a scope to be satisfactorily accomplished, except after many years of intensive study, it was decided to make a start upon the salmon problems in particular with such means as were available; accordingly a special research worker was appointed under the direction of the Professor of Zoology, and investigation was formally commenced in October, 1932.

Quite apart from the local importance to riparian proprietors, and to others directly interested in the development of Avon fisheries on financial or sporting grounds, that river provides opportunities, in many ways elsewhere unsurpassed, for study of the economic problems of fresh-water biology, and those of salmon in particular. In great measure this is due to the natural diversity of the various tributary streams which exhibit almost every geochemical characteristic, from those of the alkaline chalk-streams of Salisbury Plain to the acid peat brooks of the New Forest; but to this inherent dissimilitude has been added an asciticous complexus of microcosmic adaptations, as more manifold than any encountered on our Northern rivers as was the Wessex civilisation the more anciently evolved.

In contradistinction to the attempted amplification of fisheries which are either purely fluvial or purely marine, any improvement in the status of a migratory species such as salmon must depend fundamentally upon ensuring that the course followed throughout their vitally essential journeyings shall be as free from any let or hindrance as possible; to this desideratum must then be added the





THE AVON NEAR FORDINGBRIDGE.

## MAN AS SALMON VERMIN

primordial necessities for the perpetuation of all life—provision of those conditions most apposite for the reproduction of the species, and available and suitable nutriment for the ensuing generation.

No sooner are the ova shed, than a multitude of marauders begin their annual plunderings of this choice manna. Insects, small fish—such as miller's thumbs and loaches, larger fish—trout, chub, perch, pike and eels, birds of divers sorts from dab-chicks to ducks, and, so it is reported, swans, are all there for their gargantuan repast. Soon, however, the greater part of the ova has been buried under the comparative protection of gravel dug by the efforts of the parent fish, and unless the spawning-ground is hopelessly congested (as was the case, alas, in the lower Avon about the advent of the present year), the spawn lies sheltered until the early days of March. But here at once is evident the importance of ensuring that the adult salmon shall be as evenly distributed over the available spawning-grounds as possible, those which have entered the river early being encouraged to penetrate to the more remote riffles so as to leave the lower areas for the late comers.

This first point in a salmon investigation—how best to ensure a free run for the adults—is therefore equalled in importance by the need for rational destruction of all predatory enemies of ova and young fry, which in turn necessitates a careful examination of the 'diet sheet' of all suspected pillagers; then comes food-supply for the parr, and lastly the *sine qua non* of the whole problem—ensuring safe-transit for the smolts in their descent to the sea.

In almost all salmon rivers the provision of sufficient food for the fluviatile fry is the limiting factor of the river's productivity; for in relatively few instances is the extent and availability of suitable gravel insufficient for the adult stock to spawn, and where this is the case it can be overcome by artificial hatching or other means. In the majority of rivers, also, the smolts have little difficulty in finding their way to the sea, for everything is done to ensure that the inevitable mortality due to predatory enemies shall be as low as possible. Mill-leads and other side-channels are sometimes a cause of loss, but legislatures of most countries faced with this problem have passed stringent acts making the owners of such leads responsible for safeguarding all fish-life in their vicinity. In the Ness, for example, numbers of migrating smolts used to miss the special salmon and smolt passes over the Dochgarroch weir which controls the levels of the Inverness section of the Caledonian Canal, and essayed their



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sea-ward journey by way of the canal which abounds with cannibal trout, eels, pike and other vermin; rather than allow them to run the gauntlet of such a passage, the Moray Firth Salmon Fishery Company now employ a boat's crew throughout the migration period with a special net to turn the smolts down the carefully kept waters of the river.

It is the exceptionately fortunate position of the Avon to possess an almost unlimited supply of admirable food for young salmon, the absence of violent floods and low temperatures permitting full use to be made of these resources even in winter, but unhappily this advantage is counter-balanced by the existence of more obstructions to the mile than in almost any other river in the country.

The whole nature of the South Coast rivers is determined by the 'Water-meadow' system of irrigation which has here been developed to a greater extent than in practically any other district. So essentially interconnected are these meadows and the river that it is no exaggeration to state that the biological problems of the one are those of the other, and study of the river in well-nigh any branch of natural science is inevitably also that of water-meadows.

Very briefly, 'A water-meadow is a piece of ground so formed by nature or art, that water may flow quickly over its surface, for the purpose of promoting an early and increased vegetation of grass';<sup>1</sup> the important difference from other types of irrigation being that 'The primary objects of floating (watering) are simply these two, to procure a deposit of "manure" from the water used, and by the water at the same time, to shelter the land from the severity of winter'.<sup>2</sup>

When or where water-meadows were first devised it seems difficult to decide. 'The most antient trace of the practice which ("D.N.") could discover in print, is in a book, entitled "*Water Workes*", written by ROWLAND VAUGHAN, who seems to have been the inventor of the art, and to have practiced it in great perfection, and on a most extensive scale, in the Golden-Valley, in Herefordshire, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First;<sup>3</sup> but other writers say Dorset, Wiltshire, and somewhat unexpectedly Aberdeenshire, as well as in the South of Scotland. Originally the scheme

<sup>1</sup>'Observations on Water-meadows and Peat-bogs.' Wm. Smith, London. 1806. p. 19.

<sup>2</sup>'The Formation and Management of Floated Meadows'. (4th Edn.) Rev. T. Wright, Northampton. 1808. p. 27.

<sup>3</sup>'The Monthly Review', October, 1788. p. 384.

## MAN AS SALMON VERMIN

was only devised to water the land in time of drought, but it was soon realised that efficient drainage was as essential as was efficient irrigation: 'As soon as thou hast brought thy water to thy Land, and turned it over, or upon it, then as aforesaid, bee sure thou take it off as speedy as possibly, and so fail not to cut out thy work, so as unless thy Land bee very sound, and thy Land-flood very Rich, thou must take it off the sooner by a deep drayning Trench. . . And as for thy drayning Trench, it must bee made so deep that it goe to the bottom of the cold spewing moyst water, that feeds the Flagg and Rush. Yea, suppose this corruption that feeds and nourisheth the Rush or Flagg should lie a yard or four feet deep, to the bottom of it thou must goe, if ever thou wilt drayn it to purpose, without which thy water cannot have its kindly Operation'.<sup>1</sup>

The manurial value was not suggested until the beginning of the nineteenth century, it being previously held that 'the friction of the water running over the soil raises a certain degree of warmth, favourable to vegetation'; and this view appears in a song of that period:

The verdant meads by labour form'd,  
With genial streams thro' winter warm'd,  
Put forth their March and April shoots,  
To vie with May's luxuriant roots.

—(Anon.)

The fisherman may well be pardoned for failing to see any possible connection between the pastoral verse of two or three hundred years ago, and his present season's catches of salmon, yet there *is* a connection, and a very pertinent one; to take but one link, a difference of but a few weeks in the dates for flooding of the meadows (as occasioned by a change over from the 'winter-warmth' hypothesis to that of 'spring-manuring'), might mean that 90% of the migrating smolts, which had previously had easy access to the sea, were in future to be destroyed by being stranded on the meadows. Allusion has already been made to the excellence of Avon feeding for the parr, and this is in great measure correlated with the growth of animalculae on the freshly flooded meadows—in a manner analogous to that which causes the rapid growth of trout in new-filled reservoirs and lakes; so here again the time and method of watering are of vital import.

<sup>1</sup>'Reduement of Land to Pristine Fertility'. Wa. Blith, 'A lover of Ingenuity'. London. 1653. Ch. IV. p. 23.

<sup>2</sup>'A Treatise on Watering Meadows'. (4th Ed.) George Boswell. 1801. p. 31.

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Unfortunately, as has already been remarked, salmon were considered too common for their perpetuation to be of any economic importance as compared with that of the water-meadows, in the days when these were laid out; in fact *pike* seem in some districts to have been more highly prized for food, although Ausonius wrote of them:

... hic nullos mensarum lectus ad usus  
fervet fumosis olido nidore popinis.<sup>1</sup>

—a marked contrast to his:

Thou, O Salmon, with flesh of rosy-red, . . . destined to grace some noble banquet!

As with eels, supplies of salmon were considered inexhaustible, for it was not realised that whereas the spacious reservoirs of the western Atlantic feed the rivers with young eels, it is only within the relatively negligible compass of the North-temperate rivers that the whole world stock of Atlantic salmon must be bred.

Erection of weirs for flooding of the meadows provided an increased opportunity for capture of eels in traps and on 'stages', and since eels are retentive of life for a considerable period after their removal from water, they were almost the only fresh fish available in markets of the larger towns. Although popular appreciation of this article of diet may not have produced a general enthusiasm comparable to that evinced by a eulogy of the Comte de Lacépède, who wrote in a manner verging on the poetic of 'its slender form, its delicate proportions, its elegant colours, its gracious flexions, its easy gyrations, its rapid springs, its superior swimming, its serpent-like movements, its industry, its instinct, its affection for its mate, its sociability—advantages which man is ever deriving from it'(!),<sup>2</sup> yet the eel-fishery was, and still is, of very great value and importance. Eel-stages have, however, probably done more towards the extermination of South-coast salmon than any other factor in their history. This was chiefly through the destruction wrought among parr and migrating smolts, and was due not only to indifference as to the fate of the salmon, but also to ignorance that parr and smolts were in fact young stages in the development of that species—certainty on which point, it now seems difficult to realise, was only satisfactorily proved by breeding experiments on the Tay less than a century ago. Ausonius wrote of them (c. 380, A.D.):—

teque inter species geminas neutrumque et utrumque,  
qui nec dum salmo, nec iam salar ambiguusque  
amborum medio, sario, intercepte sub ævo?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>'Mosella', Ausonius: line 122.

<sup>2</sup>'Œuvres du Comte de Lacépède', VI, 457 (translated by The Rev. W. Houghton. 1879).

<sup>3</sup>'Mosella', line 128.

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from which he may have considered them as hybrids, although *intercepte sub aevo* hints rather at a guess somewhat nearer to the truth.

In his day, however, these fry were evidently considered a delicacy, and were sold as such; whereas only a century ago they were being used in this country as food for pigs, or manure for gardens! 'Between forty and fifty years ago, the miller who at the time (1815?) occupied Stoke Mill, caught so many salmon-fry in his eel-hatches, that he took them to Blandford market and sold them at two-pence a quart'.<sup>1</sup> Lord Viscount Forbes is quoted as follows in a government inquiry on salmon fisheries in 1827: 'I have known several horse-loads of fry taken upon the smaller rivers which fall into the Shannon, by people who are in the habit of selling them for the purpose of feeding pigs; I have seen the fry carried in panniers, upon horses, and sold at a very cheap rate for that purpose.' And the report continues: 'His Lordship does not stand alone in this testimony. Neither is the fact peculiar to the Shannon. The minutes of evidence abound with testimony of the same tendency, applicable alike to all parts of the United Kingdom'. In fact the commission seemed to consider this cause of destruction more serious than all others put together, for they wrote: 'It is not necessary to notice *all* the injuries they (salmon) are exposed to; but the *myriads* which are destroyed in eel-weirs and in mills cannot be overlooked'.<sup>2</sup>

Legislative apathy as to the fate of salmon in the young stages fortunately has not been paralleled in respect of restriction of netting and enforcement of close-times; but enactments in those connections have come rather from private jealousies than from public care for the common good.

An interesting example is provided by the history of the Shannon weir at Limerick. A permanent wrack was erected from bank to bank by the corporation for the sole purpose of taking salmon, to the further passage of which it naturally put a complete stop; legal action taken by the upper proprietors led to the compulsory introduction of three large gaps, but these the corporation then covered with netting, which precipitated further litigation, and a judgment ordering no obstruction of the passes. The corporation,

<sup>1</sup>'History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset'. Rev. John Hutchins, M.A. Footnote to 3rd Edn. Vol. I, p. 96. 1861.

<sup>2</sup>Digest of Evidence; Inquiry into the State of Salmon Fisheries. 1827.

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in no wise deterred, decided to 'beautify the river' by placing—in each opening in the weir—a large imitation crocodile painted in glaring and terrifying colours, which discouraged the salmon almost as much as had the nets! The upper proprietors being by this time presumably insolvent, there is no note of any further action.

It is of interest to recollect that it was a similar question in which originated the last Border rising between England and Scotland towards the end of the eighteenth century. Sir James Graham of Netherby constructed a cauld across the Esk within the confines of his estate immediately south of the Border, although the source and major extent of that river are in Scotland. The Scotch proprietors and fishermen violently resented this stoppage to their supply of salmon; litigation being apparently impossible, since there was no court competent for the decision of this point of international law, the Scots assembled one night, by signal of fires, and descended on the cauld, arrayed with fowling-pieces, bill-hooks and the like, their object being its removal by force. They were met by Sir James' tenantry armed with muskets, and these were shortly reinforced by a detachment of military from Carlisle; the affair was only narrowly prevented from leading to really serious consequences by the timely tact and generosity of the popular leaders on either side.

This incident shows the inaccuracy of the statement sometimes made, that salmon fishing was of *negligible* importance before the beginning of last century; at the same time—as has already been pointed out—the value of salmon was infinitely less than is the case to-day. In a note to the third edition of Hutchin's history (already quoted), it is reported that 'an old fisherman who died a few years since at the age of ninety-three, remembered having assisted in the capture of forty-seven fine salmon at one time, weighing in the aggregate sixty score pounds. He and his party brought the fish to Wareham, but failing to sell them, carried them on to Bindon Fair, which happened at the time, and sold them at 2d. per pound. . . . The salmon have now (1861) deserted these rivers and are rarely captured'. In view of the recent magnificent regeneration of these rivers during the last few decades, those responsible deserve the highest praise for their vigorous action to which this is attributable.

What of the Avon through these two centuries of varied salmon favour? Until 1669, as far as one can judge, salmon were relatively little troubled by the machinations of '*Homo sapiens*'. In that year a commission under the Great Seal obtained an order for making the

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river navigable from Salisbury to the sea, and for the next thirty years sporadic references are found in documents of the time, mostly mentioning delay of the work owing to lack of funds. Finally on January 4th, 1700, a petition was to be presented to the Commons: 'That the Bill now depending in that Honourable House for making the river Avon navigable from Christchurch to the city of New Sarum may pass', which was the not-unprecedented end to the project, for nothing further has been recorded.

During the eighteenth century water-meadows began to be developed on a more comprehensive scale than before, and by the second half of the nineteenth, the obstruction offered by these, together with concomitant erection of eel-stages such as are found in the river to-day, had begun to take their effect upon the stock of salmon.

Netting near Christchurch had, of course, been going on in a small way since early times, but with salmon fetching only an uncertain two-pence a pound, and nothing at all if the restricted local market was glutted by a heavy catch, this source of depletion was, in those days, never serious. Even had the netting stopped *any* salmon from gaining the upper river, it is questionable whether sufficient interest was then taken by upper proprietors to have limited the tacksmen's activities. Moreover, English law did not then possess clauses regulating fisheries as did the law of Scotland, and in some cases limitation of netting could only be effected—as it was at Wareham in the reign of Henry VIII—by the circuitous method of levying a tax of two shillings on each 'shot' of the net when the total rent of *all* the local fishings was but one pound eight shillings per annum! 'Cum burgenses et inhabitantes ville de Wareham predict' longis retibus suis piscabunt, tunc solvent seu solvi facient quolibet tempore talis piscacōnis cum longis retibus pefat' Francisco Browne et Anne uxori ejus duos solidos legalis monete Anglie'.

Very different, however, was the situation when the demand for salmon began to raise the price by leaps and bounds. The discovery that fish could be kept fresh by being packed in ice was made as long ago as 1797, but it took more than a quarter of a century for salmon to lose its hitherto prevalent reputation as a food both common, and of inferior quality. Even in 1827 the special Government Commission advanced as one of the chief arguments for the

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<sup>1</sup>Katherine, by her letters patent. 6th September, 33.—Henry VIII.



development of salmon fisheries the suggestion that 'If the prospects which are at present held out, be realised, the salmon fisheries will raise a vast number of persons skilled in the management of boats and small vessels, dispersed all over our shores, ready to aid the mariner in case of ship-wreck, and ready to man the navy in time of war'.<sup>1</sup>

The growing popularity of salmon at first only increased the number caught, for the supply seemed unlimited; when, however, *seven thousand* salmon were taken by one net in the Tay in a single season, a slight apprehension did arise, but apparently only as to the preservation of that particular river. In the Avon, netting, trapping with 'hecks', and deliberate stranding of fish on water-meadows continued to receive maximum exploitation, nets being increased proportionately as did seasonal variations of salmon, so that natural regeneration, through an exceptionally prolific season's making good the inevitable depreciation of occasional lean years, was entirely thwarted. In addition, the obstruction of salmon inherently desirous of reaching the upper river has been gradually evolving a more sluggish race of fish, content to remain in the lower stretches, where, consequently, an increasing proportion of the total stock has been bred. Not only are upper proprietors hereby deprived of opportunities for catching salmon to which they are surely entitled, but the attainable spawning-ground becomes so congested that quantities of ova are destroyed (one pair digging up what a previous pair have deposited), and the salmon-producing capacity of the river is correspondingly limited to a small fraction of its immanent potentialities.

In recent years the value of salmon fishings have been still further increased through the growing popularity of rod-fishing, and realisation that there is no insuperable obstacle to prevent the salmon angler having excellent sport *at least* as far up the Avon as Salisbury has been the chief factor contributing to the institution of the special research, reference to which has already been made.

The angler casts his fly in vain, and sends for the scientist who carries out an elaborate series of tests, dissections, and analyses—speaking with haughty pride of the wonders of modern biological research which make such surveys possible; yet, according to Tacitus, each Roman legion had its water-testers with methods much the

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<sup>1</sup>Report of a Government Commission on Salmon Fisheries. 1827 p. 96.



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same, even to the colour of the 'indicator' liquid in their flasks. Theirs was simply special 'claret wine'; to-day our reagents bear a longer name. But do not let the fly-fisher scoff derisively at methods which may seem to him 'out of date', remembering that his own delight :—

Around the hook the chosen fur to wind,  
And on the back a speckled feather bind,<sup>1</sup>

was already an ancient art a thousand years before this country featured on a map! Rather let all interests combine to ensure that their descendants may have cause to bless the present trustees of their inheritance.

A brief summary of the part recently played by man in the history of Avon salmon has now been outlined. By 1800 Avon salmon were beginning to fetch a rapidly increasing price, and by 1814 the Royalty Fishery at Christchurch itself produced 1600 salmon. Netting increased, and a fixed 'hang-net' was worked day and night below Christchurch harbour, another, two hundred yards in length, frequently being fixed across the harbour-mouth itself. The 'hecks' (wooden grills) at the Royalty Fishery presented an almost insuperable obstacle, and another fishing weir at Winkton, a few miles further up, completed the obstruction. The Salmon Fisheries Act of 1861 instituted a close-time for netting, and in 1862 their ruination of the river led to the removal for ever of the fixed nets at its mouth, together with the construction of salmon-passes at some of the worst points. Improvement in status of the fish was gratifyingly rapid in becoming evident, but it was only one step—although an important one—towards the possible exploitation of the Avon's great resources.

This has been followed by more advances,—the abolition of destructive netting at the Royalty, and further improvement of salmon-passes; but an immense amount yet remains to be done, both along these and other lines. Netting still demands serious consideration; salmon-passes might yet further be improved and increased in number; a clear passage should be ensured for salmon, young and old, in their migrations to and from the *upper* spawning-grounds; and in short, man should see to it that what he does towards the extermination of salmon is *at least* equalled, if not doubled or trebled by what he does towards their preservation, through the destruction

<sup>1</sup>Ælian, quoted in 'Haliæutics Ancient and Modern'. Rev. C. D. Badham, M.D. London, 1854. p. 18.

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of their enemies, the prevention of their diseases, the utmost exploitation of their potential reproductive possibilities, and by any other means he can devise. To that end was the Avon Biological Research initiated, and for the achievement of that end it labours.

JOHN BERRY.



## ORIENTAL FANTASY

(' CHINOISERIE ')

From the French of Theophile Gautier  
by R. A. HODGSON

**I**T is not you, Madame, that I love ; no !  
Nor is it you, my Juliet, nor you  
Ophelia, nor Beatrice ; and so  
Even with fair-hair'd, soft-eyed Laura, too.

She that I love, just now, lives in Cathay.  
She dwells with her old parents in a tall  
Tower of porcelain, a little way  
Off Yellow River, where cormorants call.

Her eyes towards her temples slantwise go ;  
Her little foot within my hand could lie ;  
Her hues more clear than finest copper glow ;  
Her nails are long, and stained with scarlet dye.

She puts her head out through her lattice bars  
That, flying past, the swallow with his wing  
Just touches her. Beneath the evening stars  
The peach and willow like a poet sing.

## A STATESMAN'S PLAYGROUND

The hunter loes the morning sun,  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen.

—R. BURNS.

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

Oh, how happy here's our leisure !  
Oh, how innocent our pleasure !  
Oh ye valleys ! O ye mountains !  
O ye groves, and crystal fountains !  
How I love, at liberty,  
By turns to come and visit ye !

How calm and quiet a delight

It is, alone,

To read, and meditate, and write,

By none offended, and offending none !

To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,

And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease !

Dedicatory stanzas to Mr. Isaac Walton

by CHARLES COTTON.

THE Statesman was Sir Edward, later Viscount Grey of Fallodon, and the place where he sought rest and recreation at week-ends, after his trying political work in London, was Wessex. Wessex, from Dart to Itchen ; from Staverton and Buckfastleigh to Itchen Abbas and Titchborne, including New Forest and frequent visits to Wilsford on the Avon, near Stonehenge. The Itchen Valley was, however, by far the most frequent of his brief holiday resorts.

Edward Grey's first experience of the old Kingdom was, as a boy, when he went to St. Mary's College, Winchester, in September, 1876, at the age of fourteen. As soon as he got used to his surroundings he began to make plans for the brief daily period which he might call his own ; this was the hour between rising from ' books ' at twelve and going to dinner at one. At the age of seven he had caught the itch for fishing and had cast his line baited with worm or wet fly in the coffee-coloured peat streams of Northumberland. The clear waters of a chalk stream were a revelation to him. It was a glad surprise to be able to see the fish so clearly, and the sight strengthened his inten-

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tion to acquire the art of landing them. He got plenty of 'Don't' advice, and quite a sufficiency of warning. No doubt a 'child' of the School *had* secured a sizeable fish some time or other, but that would probably not occur again. The trout had grown too wary for any fabricated fly he would be able to cast. Well, it was always Grey's way to learn by experience, and he went doggedly at it. His patience was tried by doubting Thomases who daily asked in a jeering way, whether he had caught anything.

It was mainly half a mile of the Old Barge that he fished, that part of the river being nearest both to the school and to the house where now hangs his portrait in proud remembrance of the service given to his country in maturer years. We have a very attractive picture of his boyish fishing days. Not to lose a moment unnecessarily, by five minutes past twelve, when 'dons' were punctual, he was running for the river, and about an hour afterwards he was running back 'sometimes full of the joy of success, sometimes in exasperation and despair, but nearly always rather late, a rod at full length trembling and shaking in the air as (he) ran'.

It was not till June, 1877, that he caught a trout above three-quarters of a pound in weight. Then there was as much jubilation in the Winchester College House as when, according to Mr. Punch, Alphonse caught the gudgeon from the quais at Paris. Alas! it was his only catch that year. Nothing daunted, he stuck to his rod, securing 13 trout in 1878; 32 in 1879; and 76 in 1880. Charles Kingsley somewhere translates *experientia docet* as 'experience does it'. Experience did it for Edward Grey. It was, however, experience mixed with a good deal of observation. He watched the ways of several noted anglers, particularly one 'who understood those fish better than anyone else and who caught far more . . . . We used to find him fishing when we went out and leave him fishing when we had to go in . . . . He was a very silent angler, as if his business was solely with the trout, and what he was, besides being the best resident fisherman at Winchester, remained unknown to me. I was so struck by his success in fishing that it never occurred to me to ask about anything else'. Some readers may be inclined to identify this silent angler with James Englefield who used to contribute to the *Field* newspaper above the signature of Red Quill. But his period was ten years later than Grey's. The person indicated was, I am credibly informed, a man of leisure named Marshall. He is said to have used the finest tackle of gossamer silk and was secretive as well as silent.

## A STATESMAN'S PLAYGROUND

When in want of any fishing requisite he would not enter Chalkley's shop if any but the proprietor was present, but would walk about until the coast was clear.

With the successes of the year 1880 Edward Grey's first experiences of Wessex ended; and we are not here concerned with his Balliol career. His father, Major Grey, died before our subject went to Winchester, and, in 1884, he inherited Fallodon on the death of his grandfather, Sir George Grey, who had been a colleague of Gladstone's in several cabinets. Having become head of the family, notwithstanding his competency, he spent very little idle time. He was soon asked to take the chair at a Reform Bill demonstration at Alnwick, and, as early as November, 1885, he was elected to Parliament.

Again we are not concerned with his activities as plain M.P.; as Foreign Secretary; as Privy Counsellor. But we are interested to know that his enforced residence in London was distasteful to him, and that he escaped from the city whenever possible. After each week's work he was in absolute need of recreation. Golf was not to his taste, and real tennis impracticable. He got neither rest nor proper entertainment from joining house parties. He spoke of country-life as 'the life I love'. What he wrote of another naturalist was equally true of himself: 'It is good to be alone with Nature sometimes, to men like W. H. Hudson, it is essential, if they are ever to express what they have in them to give'. To himself Nature was solace, recreation and delight.

His home at Fallodon being much too far away for week-end visits his thoughts naturally turned to the Itchen where, through failures, he had learnt the delicate art of dry-fly fishing. At first he stayed at the Plough Inn at Itchen Abbas, but by 1890 he had built a small bungalow, or cottage as he and Lady Grey called it. In the stress of office this became much more—a sanctuary in fact. It is described in *Hampshire Days*.

'A long field's length from the cottage is the little ancient, rustic, tree-hidden village. The cottage, too, is pretty well hidden by trees, and has the reed—and sedge—and grass-green valley and swift river before it, and behind, and on each side, green fields and old untrimmed hedges with a few old oak trees growing both in the hedgerows and the fields. There is also an ancient avenue of limes which leads nowhere and whose origin is forgotten. The ground under the trees is overgrown with long grass and nettles and burdock; nobody comes or goes by it, it is only used by the cattle, the white and roan and

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strawberry shorthorns that graze in the fields and stand in the shade of the limes on very hot days. Nor is there any way or path to the cottage ; but one must go and come over the green fields, wet or dry. The avenue ends just at the point where the gently sloping chalk down touches the level valley, and the half-hidden low-roofed cottage stands just there with the shadow of the last two lime trees falling on it at one side. It was an ideal spot for a nature-lover and an angler to pitch his tent upon. Here a small plot of ground, including the end of the lime tree avenue, was marked out, a hedge of sweet-briar planted round it, the cottage erected, and a green lawn made before it on the river side, and beds of roses planted at the back'. It is good to know that Sir John and Lady Shelley-Rolls still take the greatest interest in the cottage site and the old chalk pit,—trying to keep them as bird and flower sanctuaries. But 'scroungers', as the genial landlord of the Plough calls them, occasionally not only steal the flowers but uproot the plants as well.

With what ardour Sir Edward, as he then was, and Lady Grey, looked forward to their week-ends in Hampshire is best shown in the published books of the former. These are four in number :

Dry-Fly Fishing published in 1899,  
Twenty-five Years, 1892-1916, published in 1925,  
Fallodon Papers published in 1926, and  
The Charm of Birds, published in 1927.

In all these there are episodes and descriptions relating to the Wessex Life. From *Twenty Five Years* we learn that there were no Friday till Tuesday week-ends for Grey in those days. There was always a late parliamentary sitting on Fridays, and the House seldom rose before midnight. He could not leave before Saturday, and he had to be back at the Foreign Office on Monday morning. He writes :

'Every Saturday morning we left Grosvenor Road about half-past five in the early morning. We had no luggage and at that hour there were no hansom cabs, so we walked across Lambeth Bridge . . . Thence our way went past St. Thomas's Hospital and along the street that then led to the entrance to Waterloo. . . . From this street the way led through the most unsavoury tunnel to the old Waterloo Station, and so we got away by the 6 o'clock train from Waterloo and to the Hampshire Cottage soon after 8 o'clock in time for breakfast.

'The start from London each Saturday morning was one of rapture of anticipated pleasure.



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Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to the young was very heaven.

and week after week the Saturday and Sunday fulfilled anticipations. On Saturday, in hot summer weather, I would fish till about 2 o'clock, and again from 7 to 9 o'clock in the evening. Sunday was not a fishing day then on that part of the Itchen, and we spent it reading great or refreshing books, going long walks in some of the most beautiful country in all the south of England watching birds, much in the spirit of Keats's sonnet,

To one who has been long in city pent,

except that there was no fatigue. The cottage which had sprung into existence for the sake of the fishing became much more than a fishing-cottage, and more even than a week-end retreat from London'.

In the *Charm of Birds* there are well on for two score of references to the cottage and close-by old chalk pit, with any number of bird, tree, flower and other nature observations. It was a peculiarly happy way of life. They had devoted and faithful service by two sisters in succession who lived in the village, and who left them when their wants had been attended to. They had solitude, rest, enjoyment of books and Nature at her best in varying guises. They arrived at a new and true definition of luxury 'that of having everything that we did want and nothing that we did not want. It seemed to us that the omission of the second part of the definition made the failure of so much that is thought to be luxurious'.

In the *Fallodon Papers* we have a sample of a day's dry-fly fishing on a chalk stream in the latter half of May.

'The angler is by the stream not later than ten o'clock. The stream is lovely but quiet, and here and there the surface is broken by the recurring swirl of a swaying weed; but no life disturbs it, except the occasional dive of a dab-chick, the movements of a watcher or water vole. Not a bird skims the surface of the water, not a fly is to be seen on it, not a sign of a living creature under it. But the fresh light air is like a caress, the warm sunshine interrupted only by the occasional passage of small white clouds; the water-meadows are bright with buttercups and the woods and hedges that are on the borders are white with hawthorn blossom or lit by the candelabra of horse-chestnut flowers. Birds of many sorts, most notably black-birds, are singing, and the angler, in his hours of waiting has such entertainment as seems more than imperfect man can deserve or



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comprehend. Presently—it may be soon or not till after an hour or more—flies begin to appear on the surface of the water, the rise of a trout is seen ; in a short time all is life and agitation. Trout rising everywhere . . . a moving network of birds, swifts, swallows and martens, is on the river ; a rush of bird life and the swish of the wings of the swifts is heard as they pass and repass up and down the stream’.

Thus the week-ends of spring and summer, with an extra day at Whitsuntide, were spent at the Hampshire cottage with the entire sympathy of Lady Grey. ‘Through all our married life I had been in the habit of discussing public affairs and sharing all thoughts with my wife . . . We had acquired knowledge and shared thought together and developed tastes and pursuits in common’.

But events did not always run an ideal course. A special messenger from London would arrive while the statesman was happily pruning his roses or quietly watching and listening to the birds, and after only one day’s reprieve he would be obliged to hurry back to the Foreign Office on the Sunday. But work with him had always preceded play, and when Duty called him to sacrifice the latter there was no hesitation in his response.

Then there were unfortunate incidents at times in the natural world. For a long period nightingales had built every year in the old chalk-pit just across the blind avenue—a distance of only a few yards from the cottage. There was also a thrush which became so tame that it would enter the cottage with as much confidence as a robin. This it did for four years in succession. Then a prowling cat, at which Grey could never get a shot, came and murdered both birds. After that time the nightingale’s song had to be listened to farther afield, and there was no feathered visitor hopping and running over the door-step. Of these disturbing incidents the special messenger was, to the occupants of the cottage, incomparably the less. A very real disaster occurred in January, 1923, when the cottage was burned to the ground. The plot is still kept fenced in. Three years ago the foundations, including those of the porch, could easily be traced. Now they are over-grown and nothing except the ivy-covered stump of the chimney-stack remains, unless the garden plants run wild be added. Even before the above date the failing eyesight of Lord Grey (he was created Viscount in 1916) had interfered both with outdoor observations and reading. His old water-keeper, ‘Monty’ Collins, as he is familiarly called in the villages, remembers being by

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the river with him one day at this period. 'Was that a fish rising?' suddenly asked Lord Grey. On receiving assurance and being given the distance and direction he made casts and hooked a goodly trout. 'That was the last fish,' says Collins, 'that his lordship pulled out of Itchen'.

The Elysian period was ended. Substituting sight for hearing, he was in the position of Beethoven straining to listen and failing to hear not only his Choral Symphony but even the loud applause which followed its performance.

Let us hark back, however, to the years when, to the younger man, country life was 'very heaven'. We have spoken of spring and summer. In the decline of the latter season, and again at Christmas, he used to go to Falldon for holidays, but, speaking generally, and in his own words, 'In autumn and winter I found a quiet hotel opening on to a heath in the New Forest. There I could have the same private rooms at the end of each week'. This was the beautifully situated Forest Park Hotel on Butts Lawn. The 'lawns' of the New Forest, it will be remembered, are park-like stretches where the ponies love to graze when flies are troublesome in the glades. Here, as at the cottage by the Itchen, Lady Grey often accompanied Sir Edward until her death in 1906. There were ideal tramps to be taken in all directions.

By way of Rhinefield and Vinney Ridge past the Knightwood Oak to Mark Ash or Allum Green :—

By Boldreford Bridge, Queen Bower and Gritnam ; past the Scissors Tree, to Bank and Lyndhurst :—

Or, keeping to the right from Queen Bower, through Whitley Wood to Clay Hill, near which must have stood the 'Pied Merlin' at which John of Hordle wrestled so valiantly with the archer Aylward :—

By way of the village to the forest lodges of Lady Cross, Denny and Ashurst :—

Across Beaulieu Heath by Hatchet Gate to Beaulieu Abbey :—

Or lastly, not to be too prolix, the lovely path from near the old church to Roydon Manor or Farm (beloved of Hudson) to Boldre where, on his tombstone, old Vicar Gilpin, of *Forest Scenery* fame, expresses the modest hope of meeting in the life beyond, *several* of his good neighbours.

But listen to Sir Edward himself (when a cottager at Easton thus

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: See the next article in this number of *Wessex* entitled *Three Parsons*.

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addressed him after his elevation and then apologised, he said, 'Tut ! tut !' or words to that effect ; 'I prefer "Sir Edward"').

'On Sunday morning I might start between eleven o'clock and mid-day, walk off into the Forest, eat my pocket luncheon in some wild part of it, a singing thrush perhaps deciding the exact spot, drop into an inn at Beaulieu, Lyndhurst, or Burley for tea, and thence get back to the hotel on the outskirts of Brockenhurst in the evening, in the dusk in early spring, under moon or stars in winter. The other hours of the day were available for reading or work. Early on Monday morning I returned to London with all arrears of work done, lungs filled with fresh air, limbs stretched, mind and body refreshed. . . . So it was till war came, when, for months together an hour or two in Richmond Park or Kew Gardens on Sunday afternoons was all that was possible'.

In this, and the following quotation, we have something more than a perception and description of the beauty of the world. We get an insight into the character of a statesman whom we feel that we could trust and follow whatever the shade of our political opinions. In this, I think, he resembled John Bright among the statesmen of the preceding generation. There were differences, however. Bright, besides being concise, could be eloquent in almost pure Anglo-Saxon. Grey made no attempt at declamation. He could give a plain and clear statement of anything he had mastered,—and he took care to master everything that came within the ambit of his work. 'Whenever foreign affairs were to come up in the House I went there much better equipped to pass an examination than I had ever been at school or university'. He continues in *Twenty-five Years* to state, that he had 'no natural gift for speaking. I never had a peroration, I could neither compose one nor repeat it by heart if I had been able to compose it, and yet I had not the art of stopping effectively without a peroration, as Samuel Butler says Handel does in music'.

But to leave speechifying and return to the country life he loved and almost invariably sought at week-ends. His consciousness of freedom and real living were evidently raised to the point of exaltation as he rambled, lunch in pocket, along the valleys of the Itchen and Test—up the Candover Stream—over Ovington and Itchen Stoke Downs—across the breezy heaths and through the turf-bottomed self-sown woods of the New Forest—by Durnford in the Avon Valley, whither went John Evelyn in 1654 and commented on the abounding 'trouts caught by speare in the night when they came attracted by

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a light set in ye sterne of a boate '—to Milston, at whose old Rectory Joseph Addison was born—or along the meanderings of the beautiful Dart.

No doubt he would have quiet minutes in some of the older churches as he certainly did at Tichborne. In Amesbury, to the old convent near which, on the death of Arthur, went Queen Guinever and, in the language of old Malory, 'let make herself a nun and wore white clothes and black;' and later, another beautiful, erring and repentant queen, Elfrida of Harewood Forest and Corfe Castle memory. In Wilsford with its unusual decoration of a quotation from Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn symbolically illustrated and running all round the church:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

In Alresford, with its graves of French Officer prisoners;—in Martyr Worthy and Easton, recalling Sir Challoner Ogle, the pirate slayer, and the time-serving Bishop Barlow and his five bishop sons-in-law, hinting strongly at nepotism. All these, and scores of objects more, would have their appeal for the tired statesman.

The most striking event of these years was that of the ramble with Ex-President Roosevelt in 1910. This indeed has become historical, and a memorial of it, in the form of a 'Faunal Bird Group', has been erected in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, in a New Forest setting. Col. Roosevelt was well up in knowledge of the appearance and habits of English singing-birds, but he was quite unacquainted with their songs. By a long standing engagement Grey was to be the means of bringing the American statesman within hearing of these. Time was short, as Roosevelt had been delayed in an almost royal progress across Europe, and reporters as usual were very enterprising. Obviously the latter would have been much in the way in the quest to be undertaken. By entreaty and diplomacy the attentions of these gentlemen were diverted for the space of twenty hours. Starting from Waterloo and alighting at a quiet country station where a motor car awaited them, they first drove to the secluded village of Tichborne, and then walked down to the valley to Itchen Abbas, having to tuck up their trousers and wade through 20 yards of flooded footpath on the way. At the Plough they were picked up by the car again and driven to the New

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Forest, where they once more took to Shank's Mare. During the walk they heard or saw 'between forty and fifty different species of birds, and there was not one of which the American did not know the general character and classification. This is the sort of thing that went on throughout the walk. I would say

'Do you hear that?

'Yes, what bird is it?'

'A black-cap'.

'So that's the song of the black cap'.

It was not necessary for him to see the bird, he knew already what sort of bird it was, and what it was like'.

At the end of their walk they came to rest at what, in his address to the Harvard Union, Grey described as 'a little inn standing on the open heath, about nine o'clock in the evening'. The expression 'little inn' was either a slip or a concession to American big ideas as it was, without any doubt, the hotel above described, and which is commodious enough to have used as a hospital during the war. Here, after dining, they sat on the verandah till past midnight talking, mostly about birds, but much also about graver matters affecting America and Europe. Here the night was spent. After breakfast the two went to Southampton, where the Ex-President sailed for America and the Foreign Secretary returned to his every-day duties in London.

The above-mentioned duties were of a very onerous nature. He had recently been dragged through the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis; had had his hands full of correspondence, elicited by King Edward's supposed 'encircling policy' after his visit to Reval; and, immediately before this holiday walk with Roosevelt, by the sudden death of the King.

Another extract from *Twenty-five Years* may not be out of place here, especially as it supplies one more instance of the sudden recalls from Hampshire mentioned above.

'In May, 1910, we knew that King Edward was seriously ill. I had gone to my cottage for a week-end without expecting that anything was imminent; a private message from Hardinge told me that he had received very bad news from Buckingham Palace. I returned to London. My brother had just arrived from Africa. I told him what was impending, and we sat up together. . . . Late at night all was quiet about us. Presently the silence of the deserted street was

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broken ; something was being cried ; we leant out of the window and heard the newsvendors calling, " Death of the King !"

These perturbations and anxieties of the Foreign Secretary were behind ; but immediately in front loomed those of the *Panther* incident at Agadir, to be followed by the crisis of the Balkan War in 1912-13 and the final crash of the Great War in 1914.

It is only necessary to scan the correspondence of these years to realize how well earned were those week-end holidays. And yet there were those, who would probably have collapsed under half the strain, who commented grudgingly upon these short periods of recreation.

*Note.* In 1922 Lord Grey married the youngest daughter of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, and widow of the 1st Baron Glenconner. That their tastes were mutual is evidenced in *The Charm of Birds*, which bears the simple dedication, 'To Pamela'.

J. W. LINDLEY.



### CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS

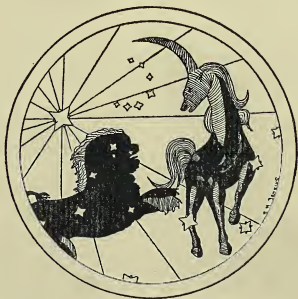
Tune : Handel's *Gavotte in G*

by E. E. DUNCAN JONES

PAN, who multiplies our flocks,  
Swells the cluster of the vine,  
Rears the golden-bearded shocks,  
Makes the field and hedgerow fine :  
Pan, the shepherd who does keep  
Us with care as we our sheep,  
Hark, thy humble shepherds raise  
Hymns of unpretending praise.

For the wool so white and soft,  
Which our willing sheep impart,  
For the apple-scented croft  
And the turnip-laden cart.  
For the comfort of the May  
Clouds of Blossom, promised fruit,  
For the morn with labour gay,  
Evening solaced by the flute,  
Happy as the king's is not,  
Thanks be for the shepherd's lot.





## CELESTIAL UNICORN

by RUTH K. JENKINS

**E**TERNALLY the golden horn  
Of the celestial unicorn  
Doth strive when night eclipses day  
To turn the Lion from his prey.  
The heavenly crown, whose star of life  
Hangs in the heights above their strife.  
Vainly they war, and for an end  
Often as vain do men contend.  
And each their forward way will serve  
Till Gabriel's grand lips shall curve  
About the trumpet of the sky,  
Ending our poor eternity.



### THREE PARSONS

HERE are the life stories of three typical English clergymen, contemporaries for many years, who have left their marks on the literary history of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Gilpin and Warner were, of course, old friends, but I don't recall that either knew Woodforde. Gilpin and Warner were recognised as accomplished writers in their lifetime; and yet perhaps Woodforde, with no idea that his diary was being written for posterity, may unconsciously have left a more permanent record than either of them.

My concern is primarily with Parson Warner, and his connection with Hampshire; but the contemporary work of the other two men offers an instructive parallel. Let us glance at their stories, that they may be brought within the focus of one picture.

The Reverend William Gilpin (1724-1804) was of an old and distinguished Carlisle family. His life will be found in the D.N.B., and in his autobiography,<sup>1</sup> so I need not repeat what everyone can read for himself. There are some additional facts about him which I have collected and recorded elsewhere, with a bibliography, containing some additional items.<sup>2</sup> But our concern with Gilpin at the moment is that from 1777 till his death, he was Vicar of my Parish of Boldre, and that during his vicariate, and living at Vicar's Hill, he wrote many of his books, and drew the illustrations for them. While still at Cheam, where he was Head Master of a remarkably successful proprietary school, he had written his *Lives of Bernard Gilpin, Latimer, Wycliff, etc.*, and his *Essay on Prints*; but it was at Boldre that all his more important and lasting work was produced. I have before me a list of twenty-three books written by him between 1779 and his death, in addition to his famous 'Observations' on the beauties of England, which are contained in seven volumes, and are dated between 1782 and 1809. And these seven volumes are liberally illustrated by Aquatints which he drew 'with a Reed Pen, by candle light'.

Yet with this large output of literature (for literature it is) Gilpin managed to perform his clerical duties in a manner which as his contemporaries testify, was admirable.

<sup>1</sup>*Memoirs of Dr. Richard Gilpin . . . together with an account of the Author by himself: by Revd. William Gilpin. 1879.*

<sup>2</sup>*Boldre: the Parish, the Church, and the Inhabitants: by W. F. Perkins. 1927.*

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'Beloved and revered by all who knew him, but more especially by his humbler parishioners, Mr. Gilpin lived to the venerable age of eighty. As a parish priest he was unremitting in his attention to those committed to his charge. So scrupulously exact was he in the performance of his duties, that either himself or his curate visited every family who were attendants at the churches of Boldre and Brockenhurst, at least once in every week. Hence he had but little leisure for less important engagements; and we are assured that a great portion of his drawings were executed by candle light'. We are told that he 'reproved the vicious with authority, but mildness; encouraged the worthy with a judicious generosity; instructed the ignorant with the most patient condescension; visited and relieved the sick; comforted the unhappy; and afforded advice and assistance to all who stood in need of them.'

Quite apart from his literary work, Gilpin must be remembered for two very remarkable and successful efforts of social reform. Gilpin's School (1791) was claimed to be one of the first Voluntary or Church Schools to be established in England. He built and endowed it entirely out of the profits of his books and drawings. Cognisant of a virulent bygone controversy on this topic, and with no desire to start another polemic 'hare', I had better qualify this claim by the admission that, long before Gilpin's day, there were established up and down the country many elementary schools of varying types. There were Monastic, and King Edward's ancient foundations; many villages had sporadic schools which, I think, were proprietary, and conducted for private profit. Often these were called Dame's Schools. Then, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge as early as the year 1729 had founded no fewer than 1,658 'Charity Schools', with an attendance of some 54,000 children. Robert Raikes started his first Sunday School in 1780. But (to quote the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) 'the beginnings of a really national system may be said to date from the commencement of the 19th century, when Lancaster, and later Bell, established respectively undenominational and Church of England Schools.'

I think the writer is not justified in his order of precedence; and as the matter is vital to the claim on behalf of Gilpin, I may be pardoned this digression. Andrew Bell's pamphlet, *An Experiment in Education*, was issued in 1797; and the experiment was first tried at the school of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, in 1798. Quite independently,

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<sup>1</sup>Penny Magazine, 1835: biography, and picture of Church and School.



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REV. JAMES WOODFORDE.  
(Reproduced by kind permission of  
the Publishers of his *Diary of a  
Country Parson*.)



REV. WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.  
Painted 1781.



REV. RICHARD WARNER.  
1800.



ST. MICHAEL'S LOFT, CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY. 1934.

### THREE PARSONS

Joseph Lancaster had been working on the same lines. His pamphlet, *Improvements in Education*, published in 1803, described a plan which he had put into operation in 1801 in his own school in the Borough Road. I am not concerned in settling the priority of these two reformers ; but quite clearly Gilpin's School at Boldre was not merely a proposal, but was actually built and in operation in 1791. A Gilpin's Poor House was built by him in 1792-3. His rules for the management of it, and the conduct of the inmates, drew the admiration of the Social Reformers of his day.'

In turning from Gilpin I would add that our third celebrity, Warner, was his Curate at Boldre, between the years 1790-4, and undoubtedly drew much inspiration from his Vicar. He had the highest affection and veneration for Gilpin, as may be gathered from the biographical sketches which he made and repeated in after years. Here is a record of Warner's work on Gilpin :

- (a) *The Omnium Gatherum*, Bath, N.D. 8vo., contains a biographical sketch of Gilpin. Although Anonymous, the sketch was written by Warner, as I happen to know, for I possess Warner's own copy, with his work initialed.
- (b) *Warner's Miscellanies*, 2 vols., 1819, 8vo., contains 'A biographical sketch of the late Revd. William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre'.
- (c) *Warner's Literary Recollections*, 2 vols., London, 1830, 8vo. Vol. 1, p. 315-372, contains an expanded essay on Gilpin, which (Vol. 2, p. 165) Warner tells us was for a considerable part extracted from his *Omnium Gatherum*.

The Revd. James Woodforde (1740-1803) was a contemporary of Gilpin for 64 years. After ten years' work as a Curate in Somersetshire, he was in 1774 presented to the living of Weston in Norfolk, where he died after twenty-nine years of service in the Parish, in 1803.

His 'Diary of a Country Parson' in five volumes was published between 1926 and 1931 under the extremely clever and sympathetic editorship of Mr. John Beresford. The diary is a most scrupulous record of Woodforde's daily life, from the time when in 1759 he was entered as a Scholar of New College, Oxford, until six weeks before his death. After reading the Diary I am convinced that there was no idea in the writer's mind that he was writing for publication or posterity, and most emphatically I urge that the work must always be judged with this consideration in view. Surely no one with any

<sup>1</sup>Hants Repository. Vol. 2, p. 116.

expectation of publicity would have written the very trivial things which Woodforde almost daily records. I don't know whether Pepys had any expectation of immortality ; but his diary was written in cipher, of which he left no key, but which was first revealed 122 years after his death ; moreover there are in the secret diary many things which his Editor suppressed, when he first he published it. Indeed Pepys himself had some scruples, for we are told the ' parts unfit for publication were written in French, and sometimes in Latin, Greek, or Spanish'. Mr. Leslie Stephen, the writer on Pepys in the D.N.B., says : ' It seems to be highly improbable that he ever thought of publicity for his diaries, though he may have kept them as materials for an autobiography which was never executed'.

As with Pepys, so with Woodforde. No one except the Diarist himself can say with certainty what are the motives which inspire him to record minute trivialities ; but publication was certainly the very remotest possibility that was in Woodforde's mind. In contrast to Pepys' work, his diary contains nothing whatever which is indiscreet, or, so far as I remember, even unkind or malicious. But if the trivialia were deleted by the zealous blue pencil of a journalistic Editor, the five volumes would easily be reduced to two.

Let us see what the blue pencil would have lost to us. First of all, there is a most minute record of daily expenditure, beginning on the first page with ' Two bottles of port wine 3/4'. When a parcel was brought to the Vicarage the exact tip to the messenger is recorded. The costs of innumerable articles of daily consumption are detailed. One learns the market prices which obtained, over one hundred years ago, for bread, fish, oranges, shoes, wigs, etc. We know what he paid for a shave, and the cost of cutting hair. We learn the cost of clothes, both for himself and for his family. We know the astonishingly low wage which was paid to domestic and farm servants.

Again, we find a faithful record of the Parson's parochial duties, his services, his visitations, his care of the sick and needy ; his advice and intervention, so frequently wanted in the cause of parochial harmony. Then we have a most intimate account of his aches and pains and illnesses, and those of his dependents ; the remedies which he applied, and the result. Be it remembered that, in a country parish a hundred and fifty years ago, the Parson was in much request, in his dual capacity as healer of the soul, as well as of the body. Moreover (in the light of some criticism of the Diary) I think that we may assume that the blue pencil would delete a great part of the volumi-

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nous records of eating and drinking which our Diarist most faithfully and appreciatively chronicles. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to draw attention to the fact that the first page of Volume 1 records the aforesaid purchase of port; and the last words of the conclusion of the Diary in the fifth volume are: 'Dinner to-day, roast beef, etc'.

The meals consumed at the Vicarage were enormous—Gargantuan. One practical question which arises in the mind of a house-keeper is how in the world were these meals cooked by a single-handed girl, on the very primitive kitchen fire which was in use in those days? Be it remembered that the celebrated Dr. Kitchiner, who invented and named the first kitchen range, did not publish his 'Cook's Oracle' till 1817, and his 'Shilling Kitchiner' till 1861. I have a portrait of the learned Doctor before me as I write. He has for a background his celebrated kitchen range, a fearsome thing with three chimneys, an open fire with a roasting spit in front, and two pots hung over, and several oven doors behind: obviously none of them capable of dealing with the 'Pike a yard long, and weighing upwards of thirteen pounds,' which Woodforde provided for a party of seven friends on May 17, 1781.

'I gave my company for dinner my great pike, which was roasted, and a pudding in his belly, some boiled trout, perch and tench. Eel and gudgeon fried, a neck of mutton boiled, and a plain pudding for Mrs. Howes. All my company were quite astonished at the sight of the great pike on the table. Was obliged to lay him on two of the largest dishes, and was laid on part of the kitchen window shutters, covered with a cloth. I never saw a nobler fish at any table: it was very well cooked, and though so large, was declared by all the company to be prodigious fine eating, being so moist'.

Follows the characteristic Woodfordian touch: 'I put a large pike into the boot of Mr. Howes' chaise before he went'.

That this is no isolated instance of 'hearty eating' is proved by the references to food in all the volumes of the Diary. For instance in Volume 2 there are indexed no less than 200 references to foods—fish, flesh, fowl, sweets and desserts. The Diarist records (Vol. 5, p. 171): 'Dinner to-day, boiled pork and a turkey roasted, etc. . . . my appetite very good, but feel however feverish. I eat five times a day—at breakfast, abt noon, dinner, afternoon tea, and at supper—and at all times with a proper relish'.

On Nov. 18, 1779, he goes to dine with a friend, where a party of seven or eight dines on 'a loin of mutton roasted, roast beef, a boiled



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chicken, soup, pudding, etc., first course. A turkey roasted, a roast hare, mushrooms, tarts, macaroni, and a custard pudding, etc., neither turkey nor hare above half done. I never made a worse dinner I think'.

Here is another instance :

' Mar. 31. I breakfasted, and slept again at home. I took a ride about 2 o'clock to Mr. Custance's at Ringland, and there dined, supped, spent the even' with him and his wife and Lady Bacon. We had for dinner for the 1 course a dish of fish, a leg of mutton roasted, and some ham and chicken tarts. The 2nd course an orange apple pudding, some asparagus, veal collops, syllabubs and jelly. Soon after dinner was obliged to return to Overton to bury old Mrs. Pegg at 5 o'clock, which I did ; aged 73 years. I had a hatband and a pair of white kidd gloves. I returned to Mr. Custance by tea time, and after tea we got to cards to whist, at which I lost 1.6. Mrs. Custance and self attacked Lady Bacon and Mr. Custance. I spent a very agreeable day there to-day. We had some Parmesan cheese after dinner and supper, of which I eat very hearty and like it exceedingly. I gave to one of Mr. Custance's servants 0/1/0. I got home about 11 at night'.

And while we look on at these huge meals we are tempted to mock at the curious mixtures, and the more curious sequence of dishes. Fancy veal collops as a sandwich between apple pudding and syllabubs. And quite illogically we turn queasy at the sound of ' Had for dinner a face and greens': the face being that of the pig ; whereas we are quite complacent over a boar's head or a Bath chapper.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence, which emphasises the ' other manners of other times', that our third worthy, Parson Warner, wrote in 1791 an odd book, 'Antiquitates Culinariae or Curious Tracts relating to the culinary affairs of the old English', for which his friends, Colonel Mitford, of Exbury, and William Gilpin, wrote 'Hints' and 'Observations'. Mitford was the author of the well-known History of Greece.

Woodforde was by descent, as well as inclination, an incorrigible Diarist. Mr. Beresford records that his great-great-grandfather, Robert Woodforde, kept a diary. His great-grandfather, Samuel, wrote a paraphrase upon the Psalms, and kept a diary, as also did his great-grandmother. Diaries were kept as much for pleasure of writing about events, as they happened, as for the purely utilitarian purposes of record. They were far more voluminous than the daily

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memorandum of engagements, and possibly of expenditure, which most busy people keep in their wallets to-day. In the spacious days of the eighteenth century letter writing was elevated to a fine art : witness the innumerable volumes of either genuine letters to a friend, or essays thrown into the form of spurious letters to an imaginary person, which crept into print. A most tedious form of writing, even from the hand of a great master. Take Smollet's Humphry Clinker, or Richardson's Pamela, as instances. Would they not have made a stronger appeal if cast in narrative form ? They certainly would be much more widely read nowadays. But these real or sham letters were deliberately written for publication, whereas very few of any genuine diaries were kept with such an end in prospect. Accordingly diaries are much more intimate, much less discreet, sometimes much less decent, than letters. In letters certain conventions and reticences are observed, whereas diaries have none. I offer this reflection in attempting to compare the work of Parson Woodforde with that of either Gilpin or Warner. So far as I know, Gilpin wrote few letters and no diary ; all his work was critical, biographical, or descriptive, and most obviously intended for publication. Warner wrote a gossipy comment on men and manners in his *Literary Recollections* ; but although it is an outline of his life history, he never reaches the indiscreet intimacy of a record never intended for publication. I hope to make this more evident in my examination of his books.

But first of all I may summarise the principal events of his life which may be culled from those same *Recollections*, as well as from notes, prefaces and asides in some of his other books.

Richard Warner Junior, for so he described himself in his earlier writings before his ordination, was the son of a Richard Warner who who came from London, and settled in or near Lymington.

Born in 1763, he arrived in Lymington with his parents, and probably two sisters, Rebecca being one, about the year 1774, after four years at a preparatory school in London. His schooling was obtained at Christchurch Grammar School from 1774 onwards.

In his *Recollections* Warner tells us many interesting things about the four years he spent at his school at Christchurch. He rode between his home at Sway and his school on a Forest pony. Once he was stopped and frightened by a band of mounted smugglers. A very graphic story of the smugglers is given. We hear of their immunity from the Law, with the connivance of the Revenue officers, their battles with the Revenue folk, even when supported by regular

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soldiers, and their remarkable boats, which ran between Havre and Poole. The boats were rigged as luggers: one, belonging to 'Slippery Rogers', was especially built, 120ft. long, and carried two or three thousand ankers of spirits: she easily outsailed the Revenue cutters, and landed her contraband under the eyes of the Customs men at Hengistbury Head.

He gives a most amusing account of the ancient Borough of Christchurch and its government by a very 'close' Corporation.

'The Mayor, I well recollect, was a worthy cordwainer of the name of Mew; literally, as well as officially, the greatest man within the limits of his own temporary jurisdiction: shaped, precisely like an enormous turtle: and of such marvellous obesity that on his decease a part of the front wall of the house in which he dwelt, was obliged to be taken down, in order to gain an aperture sufficiently large to admit the removal of the coffin from the bed chamber into the street below'.

The Corporation was composed of the Mayor, the Supervisor or Custom-house Officer, two excisemen, the landlord of the New Inn, the Sexton, and the two publicans (father and son) by name Holloway, who kept the 'Eight Bells'. This corporation, together with the Vicar, sometimes, and a few other dwellers in the town, formed the burgesses or electors who returned two representatives to Parliament. The burgesses, and thereby the Parliamentary representation, were in the hands of a 'shrewd but very respectable old gentleman, Mr. Hooper, of Heron Court'. His authority was absolute, till it was challenged by Messieurs Nathaniel Forth and George Rose, who, exercising all the arts and graces of political courtiers, at length ousted poor Mr. Hooper, and became the new patrons of the parliamentary representation of Christchurch.

Warner's School at Christchurch was an ancient Foundation (1662) and was situated in St. Michael's Loft over the Choir of the Priory. He attributes his early interest in the study of antiquities to his daily association within the Priory, and in the Churchyard, which was the School playground, with memorials of the past. Playing among the tombs familiarised him with the queer stories which accumulated about their occupants: there is one which interests me because it relates to the wife of a certain General Perkins. Mrs. Perkins ('oddities, whims and caprices made up her character') dreaded that she might be buried alive, and directed 'that a fabric above the surface be erected to receive her, near the entrance to the

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free school, so that the boys might hear her should she revive and clamour for liberation : that the lid of the coffin should not be screwed down, but furnished with hinges that she might herself throw it open, should resuscitation ensue ; and that the lock of the mausoleum should be so constructed as to enable her to open it by a spring, walk out, and resume her place in the living world. Every iota of this request was accurately fulfilled'. Twenty years later the body was removed to the family vault, and the 'elegant stone front' of the mausoleum was sold, and now forms the back of a greenhouse adjoining the churchyard. It can be seen to-day from the Bridge as a remarkable 'garden ornament'.

Warner's school career was marred by a most unfortunate episode, of which he writes with bitterness in his old age. Through the good offices of a friend of his father, he was promised a scholarship at Winchester School, and subsequent Fellowship at New College. But the nomination was withdrawn, and given to a rival candidate, and young Warner was sent back to Christchurch.

I bade adieu to the only possible chance I had of becoming a member of Winchester College ; and the waste of seven years of my subsequent life was the consequence of my disappointment'.

On leaving school he was attracted by a naval career, and wrote to ask his father whether he approved. Mr. Warner's reply to his son's letter was preserved and is printed in full in the *Recollections*. In an admirable letter, which evidently deeply moved his son, Warner advised him against the Navy as a career, and urged him to take up Law. Young Warner took his father's advice, and entered an Attorney's office in Christchurch. Thence forward began his literary career.

At Newtown Park, about four miles from Lymington, lived at this time Sir John D'Oyley, a rich merchant who had won fortune and position in India. Sir John was a devoted friend and admirer of Warren Hastings, who frequently stayed as a guest at the Park. The Warners were acquainted with Sir John, and young Richard was a frequent visitor, where he was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of the great Warren Hastings. He gives a very vivid description of the social and literary atmosphere at Newtown Park.

'The spacious apartments were almost always crowded with the high born and titled : the rich : the beautiful : and the accomplished : and the banquet and gala : the concert and the dance, succeeded each other in a never ending routine. . . . I recollect no epoch in my life

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in which I was fortunate enough to come in contact, and associate, with so many gifted and enlightened characters, as at this attractive mansion'.

Among the many distinguished guests of Sir John D'Oyley whom Warner was meeting I may mention Sir Joshua Reynolds, Warren Hastings, Colonel Mitford (a near neighbour from Exbury), Colonel Anstruther and Major Rochford (of both he gives biographical sketches), and Captain Josiah Rogers, to whom he devotes some twenty-one pages. Rogers was a Lymington man who made for himself a really great name as a naval hero: his biography was written by William Gilpin, who shared Warner's admiration for him.

Of the period between the apprenticeship to the Christchurch Attorney and his career at Oxford, Warner gives us no details; but having kept eight terms at Oxford in preparation for the Church as a career, he was offered the Curacy of Boldre, under Gilpin. Although without a Degree, Warner had the advantage of the acquaintance of Warren Hastings, and through his influence he was excused the Degree, and was ordained by the Archbishop of York to a curacy in an obscure village called Wales in the deanery of Doncaster, where, after only three months' experience, he came back to Gilpin's parish. Warner gives a wonderful portrait of Gilpin in his *Recollections*; but I am only now concerned with Warner's story, which was that, after only four years of happy service under Gilpin, he accepted the living of Fawley. He evidently was married then, for he tells us that 'my stipend would be nearly doubled by the new appointment: a capital mansion, completely furnished, was attached to the cure: together with an excellent garden: and a sufficiency of land for all the purposes of my family'.

But Fawley bore an evil name. It was known as *Fawley Kill Parson*, from the supposed unhealthiness of the situation of the parish. I have made some enquiry, and can find no justification whatever for this superstition: yet I suspect that the name did unconsciously prejudice Warner, for he remained at Fawley only 'six and twenty months'.

He says: 'I became languid, unwell and depressed,' and so, when, quite unexpectedly, an offer was made for preferment, Warner had no hesitation in accepting the post of one of the Curates of Walcot Parish, Bath; and after only a few weeks, of St. James', Bath, which he held for twenty-three years.

Thus Warner's connection with Hampshire is brought to a close, and with it the first Volume of the *Recollections* ends.

W. FRANK PERKINS.

(To be continued.)

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<sup>1</sup>Memoirs of Josiah Rogers, R.N., 1808. Gilpin.

## MILTON ABBAS

MILTON ABBAS, in addition to being one of the most beautiful of Dorset villages, is distinguished by its interesting history. King Athelstan, the grandson of Alfred of Wessex, during his wars with the Danes, passed through Dorset and encamped one night on Milton Hill ; there he had a revelation which assured him that he would conquer the Danes and be King of all England. Athelstan defeated his enemies in the decisive victory of Brunanburgh in 937 ; as the Saxon Chronicle records : ' Christ helping him, he had the victory, and there slew five kings and seven earls '. In the following year Athelstan built the little Chapel of St. Catherine on the hill where the revelation had appeared to him ; on the plain below he founded a Minster for Secular Canons, to which he gave a piece of the Cross and other relics, and in which he buried his mother, Queen Egwynna, ' femina illustris '.

In 964 King Edgar and Archbishop Dunstan converted the minster into an Abbey in charge of Benedictine monks. The church was rebuilt by the Normans, but was almost wholly destroyed by fire in 1309 when the building was struck by lightning : it was quickly rebuilt on a much larger scale.

At the Dissolution Henry VIII sold the Abbey estate for £1000 to Sir John Tregonwell, one of the proctors in the divorce case. In the eighteenth century the estate was in the possession of Lord Dorchester, and witnessed the most surprising events in its history. Horace Walpole gives the following description of Lord Dorchester : ' heir to Swift's old miser and usurer Damer, was the most arrogant and proud of men, with no foundation but wealth and a match with the Duke of Dorset's daughter. His birth and parts were equally mean and contemptible '.

Not content with the monastic buildings as a home, Lord Dorchester pulled them all down, except the dining-hall, and built a heavy, Neo-Gothic mansion in its place : the Abbey itself was restored, its chantries destroyed and most of its inside fittings taken away ; the Chapel of St. Catherine became a labourer's cottage.

Up to this time the old town of Milton had sheltered under the abbey and its buildings ; it consisted of over one hundred houses ; there was a grammar school with a charter dating from



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1521; its scholars included the Hardy who became captain of Nelson's flagship. Lord Dorchester, however, thought that the old Dorset town 'was too close to his residence, and proved an annoyance to him'; consequently in 1786 he swept away the town entirely, so that no vestige of it remains. To house his ejected tenants Lord Dorchester built another village a mile or two away; this is the present village of Milton Abbas. By his high-handed action this eighteenth century tyrant destroyed much that must have been quaint and beautiful, but he created a village unlike anything else in England. He built twenty model houses on each side of the village street, symmetrically placed as in some toy town; each cottage with a chestnut tree between itself and its neighbour; the cottages all of the same design, having four windows with a door in the middle and a roof of thatch.

Milton Abbas has changed but little since it was built; I visited it last summer and found nearly everything as I had expected. The village street climbs up a steep hill; on each side of the road there is a broad lawn of cool grass in front of the houses. The yellow-washed plaster of the cottage walls is in striking contrast to the dark green of the chestnut tree which enclose them in their leafy framings. A century and a half ago the new village must have been garish and regimental; now it is mellow and a triumphant vindication of village planning. There are, alas, signs of coming vandalism; the village is becoming self-conscious and is exploiting itself; one of that cursed breed of 'Arts and Crafts' shops has established itself in one of the cottages, but, worst of all, there is a café, decorated with a loud black and white check design, which might have been imported direct from Southend-on-Sea. If you wish, reader, to catch the charm of Milton, go quickly before it has vanished, but, I pray you, leave your car somewhere outside the village and perform the pilgrimage on foot; Dorset must not be hurried through.

The Abbey is now a thing of beauty rather than of interest; the eighteenth century 'restorers' stripped the inside so that it seems cold and empty; but the outside has been left untouched with its delicate flying buttresses of mellowed Dorset stone.

The house which Lord Dorchester built for himself is now empty; an old retainer took me round it; he discoursed eloquently on the rebus of Abbot William de Middleton—a W with the pastoral staff, and a mill over a cask or tun—in the old dining-hall; he showed me through suites of rooms, now bare and deserted: 'This is Queen



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Charlotte's bed-room. . . , ' This is the room King Edward slept in . . . ' and so on. Time has had its revenge ; no one can be found to buy Damer's fine mansion. In the grounds outside peacocks strut on the lawns which were once the town of Milton ; there are numerous pleasant alleys and walks giving views of the Abbey from all angles. A long flight of steps cut out of grass leads up to St. Catherine's Chapel ; from the place where Athelstan dreamed of victory the Abbey can be seen below, standing at peace and in silence except for the cries of the birds. Most visitors do not trouble to climb to the Chapel ; it is the ideal spot for the dreamer ; there he can ignore the flight of Time, except when the chiming of the Abbey clock below reminds him of the world of men.

J. V. RUFFELL.



## AS A FOUNTAIN

by RUTH K. JENKINS

**M**Y soul springs as a fountain,  
And my heart as a hill,  
Whose foundation is peace  
That deep ages have set.  
As day steps on a mountain,  
As the sun leaves the sea,  
My delight lights my hours  
And hope doth beget.  
  
Now realization shall  
End my desire, as wind  
Blowing heavy with dew to a drought riven land.  
The desert below me  
My spirit in freedom  
Peace guided shall wander, upheld by your hand.

## CHLOE'S SONG

by E. E. DUNCAN JONES

COME, summer night, bring winter sleep,  
Long as the sun in North lands knows ;  
And as the poppy-smoker's deep,  
And calm as fields made smooth with snows.  
Come, let my tired heart forget  
Love's passing joys and endless fret.

As falling dew revives the grass  
While evening's grey creeps slowly on,  
Let sleep across my forehead pass  
And end the harm this day has done.  
Come, let my tired heart forget  
Love's passing joys, and endless fret.



## TEA IN A STUDY<sup>1</sup>

by W. G. WALLER

I SHALL remember these : the shaded lamp ;  
The dead-white glint of cups and plates ; the square  
Blue-bordered cloth ; and, where the curtains scarcely  
meet,  
A glimpse of study lights, which turn the lawn  
Into a stretch of velvet ; thin blue smoke,  
Which curls so slowly heavenward, incense-like,  
And, as our dreams, soon fades to nothingness ;  
The well-known voices, ringing with some jest,  
And hearty laughter from youth's very soul ;  
The things we talked of, hopes and sorrows, shared  
With carefree frankness, life and love, the state  
Of kings and countries, e'en as though we held  
The future of the world within our hands.  
All these I shall remember, and when life  
Decreases our journeys on this earth shall lie  
Apart, then will the memory be to me  
As lasting sweet as delicate perfumes  
Which linger yet about a folded dress.

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<sup>1</sup>Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of *The West Saxon*.

## THE MARTYRS OF TOLPUDDLE

THE action, 'Rex v. Loveless', was tried at Dorchester on March 18th, 1834. The defendants were six village labourers from Tolpuddle, Dorset: James Loveless, James Hammett, Thomas Standfield, John Standfield, James Brine and George Loveless, a Methodist lay preacher, their leader. They were men of good Dorset stock and of thoroughly reputable character. Their offence, in the view of the Magistracy and the Government, was that they had dared, after the failure of respectful pleas for an increase of their miserable wage of 7/- per week, to form in Tolpuddle a branch of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, one of the constituents of that first great mushroom growth of trade unionism in England, the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union, associated with the name of Robert Owen. The law against combination had been repealed ten years before and within narrow limits trade unionism was legal.

The Grand National sought to influence legislation and succoured strikes, and Lord Melbourne, as Home Secretary, was alarmed at the 'criminal character and evil effects' of the new federation. Philosophic Radicalism in the Reformed Parliament hesitated to re-enact penal legislation against the new unions, and it was Lord Melbourne who suggested to the local magistrates when the Tolpuddle case arose, that 'in cases of this description suitable provision relative to the administration of secret oaths had frequently been resorted to with advantage'.

Before taking steps to form a Union in Tolpuddle, George Loveless had persuaded Mr. James Frampton, a Justice of the Peace, to arrange a meeting at Dorchester of an equal number of farmers and labourers. This effort failed, and the next approach was made through the Vicar, who did succeed in getting the farmers to promise to increase wages from 7/- to 10/- per week. Within a few months the increase reluctantly given was withdrawn, shilling by shilling (another account says that the promise was never implemented), and the efforts of Loveless to lift himself and his fellows out of dire poverty and misery was again defeated. A contemporary statement gives the normal food of a labourer's family at this time as consisting of horse-beans, bread, turnips and indifferent cheese. Potatoes were apparently a luxury.

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Loveless probably knew that the labourers of Hampshire had secured a weekly wage of 10/- through the network of local societies to which, according to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, more than half the labourers in the county were contributing a penny per week. The Duke thought that these societies were affiliated to some National Union, and Lord Melbourne confused it with the National Union of the Working Classes, a Reform Bill organisation founded by William Lovett, later a Chartist leader. So delegates from London visited Tolpuddle, and the Grand Lodge of Tolpuddle of the Agricultural Labourers' Friendly Society was formed on Dec. 9th, 1833.

The initiation ceremonies common to societies of that date still survive, in modified form, in present-day Friendly Societies, and it occasions no surprise to learn that members initiated into the new Lodge had to take part in a semi-religious service and had to declare on oath their allegiance to the objects of the Union and their willingness to stand by their fellow members; and that all this was carried through with the use of such impedimenta as 'a figure of death and another of a skeleton, both six feet high', crudely executed by the village painter. Tolpuddle was not large enough to contain a secret trade union however inactive, and as the Union grew in the district its existence soon became common knowledge.

The farmers and landowners were alarmed, and Mr. James Frampton, J.P., who had ineffectually presided over the early effort to ameliorate the labourers' situation, ceased to be ineffectual, and on February 20th issued a public notice cautioning all persons against the dangers they ran 'by entering societies in which they bound themselves together by unlawful oaths administered secretly by persons concealed'. Any person who did not reveal the administration of such unlawful oaths was reminded that the failure to do so was punishable by seven years' transportation. This threatening document soon provided informers. George Loveless, confident in his knowledge of the legality of combination and its widespread existence throughout the country, was not unduly disturbed. On February 24th, warrants were issued for the arrest of the six labourers, who were taken to Dorchester for trial.

Why were the Dorsetshire labourers chosen for this blow when hundreds of groups of industrial workers might have provided the occasion any time during the previous two years? The answer to this question is found in the events of what Mr. and Mrs. Hammond

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have called 'The Last Labourers' Revolt'.<sup>1</sup> Obscured by the uproar which preceded the Reform Act of 1832, the revolt of the agricultural labourers in 1830 assumed a gravity that brought panic to an already fear-ridden Government. By 1830, Lord Carnarvon tells us, 'the English labourer had been reduced to a plight more abject than that of any race in Europe'. The French Revolution had given France the system of peasant proprietorship which is still the core of her economic system. In England enclosures had taken from the labourer the last remnants of economic independence and had driven many small farmers to choose between emigration and work as day labourers. 'Strip the small farms of the benefit of the commons and they are at one stroke levelled to the ground'.

Compensation for enclosure went not to the cottager who enjoyed the common, but to the owner of the property. The picturesque officials of the open field system, the viewers of fields, the letters of cattle, the common shepherd, the chimney peeper, and the hayward received no compensation for their lost offices. From the turn of the century the number of villagers seeking poor relief rapidly increased, and the Speenhamland system completed the pauperisation of most of the villagers. The labourer subsidised by poor relief came to be preferred as an employee to the worker who possessed even a morsel of economic independence. Savings or property became a barrier to employment and had to be dissipated. Poor Law Commissioners of 1834 reported that all labourers were condemned to live on the verge of starvation, and that the prudent, industrious and sober were reduced to the same level as the most worthless of their fellows. The relief of 1/6 per child put a premium on bastardy and did not improve the morals of the village. The bravest blood of the village was imprisoned or transported for petty crimes against property and 'the village Hampdens of 1830 sleep by the shores of Botany Bay'.

Those who remained were not completely abject; hence the revolt which began in Kent in August, 1830, and swept Southern England. The firing of ricks and barns, the breaking of labour-saving threshing machines which had robbed the labourers of the one well-paid job, threats to landowners and farmers, to the tithe-owning parsons and the much-hated overseers, the extortion of small sums of money and food; it was in these ways that roving bands of labourers let loose their pent-up misery. Only one life was lost—a rioter's—but property suffered. In many places the labourers had the support of the

<sup>1</sup> 'The Village Labourer. J. L. & Barbara Hammond. Chaps. X & XI. 1760-1832'.

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farmers, for the higher wages they demanded were to be offset by reduced tithes. 'We must have a touch of your tithes, we think £300 a year quite enough for you', was what the labourers told the Vicar at Selborne.

By the time the revolt had spread into Dorset the Government had decided not to encourage conciliatory measures, and Squire Frampton, whom Loveless was to meet later, shared the view of Lord Brougham that the best way to meet the revolt was 'to unsheathe the sword of justice, to smite with a firm and vigorous hand the rebel against the law'. And so the labourer, more abject than before, settled down to a life of starvation, and the landowner to a living fear of a revival of the revolt that seemed, with events elsewhere, to be pregnant with the possibility of revolution. It was for this reason that George Loveless and his fellows stood in the dock at Dorchester on March 19th, 1834. Judge Williams, a friend of Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretary, was conducting his first trial. In his summing up he told the jury that they 'would forfeit the goodwill and confidence of the Grand Jury if they did not find the prisoners guilty', and he added that 'if these men had been allowed to go on with their wicked plans they would have destroyed property'. George Loveless put the prisoners' case, but his Methodist eloquence was stopped by the Judge, who ordered him to hand in a written statement. This he did as follows :

We were uniting to preserve ourselves, our wives and our children from utter degradation and starvation. We have injured no man's reputation, character, person or property.

A verdict of 'guilty' for having been concerned in the administration of unlawful oaths was returned by the jury in a few minutes, and the sentence was seven years' transportation for each of the prisoners. 'I am not sentencing you', said Judge Williams, 'for any crime that you have committed or that it could be proved you were about to commit, but as an example to the working class of this country'.

The men were expeditiously despatched to Australia, which they reached within three months. Loveless was put to road-making for long hours each day in the grilling sun with a convict chained to him on each side and an overseer at hand with a lash. Later his sterling character compelled recognition, and he was sent to more acceptable work on the Government farm. James Brine was sent fifty miles up country, was robbed of food and boots on the way, and arrived starv-



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ing and with bleeding feet. He worked for six months digging holes in the ground, without boots, sleeping on the ground in his one suit of convict clothes, and later acquired a piece of hoop iron which he tied to his bare foot to take the thrust of the spade. James Hammett was sold for £1 to a farmer and had to make his way four hundred miles up country. The Standfields, father and son, had a varied experience, which included a stormy sea voyage of one hundred and fifty miles fettered all the time to eight other convicts.

The conditions were brutal, but the men kept their spirit. At home the moribund Grand National Trades Union gained a temporary revival of life by a country-wide agitation for a pardon. On April 21st, 1834, a vast but completely orderly demonstration of thirty to forty thousand people was held in London at Copenhagen Fields. A quarter of a million signatures were obtained to a petition. The Grand National disappeared, but a special committee kept up the agitation and raised money for the relief of the dependants.

In the spring of 1836 the King's pardon was granted, and a repentant Government ordered first-class passages home for the martyrs, but did not trouble to make them available. A year later Loveless and the others were home, but James Hammett had to wait until August, 1838, for he only learnt of the pardon from an old newspaper which accidentally came his way. He returned to his native village, where he worked until blindness overtook him, when he went into the workhouse to avoid burdening his relatives. The rest were settled on the land in Essex, but, finding their notoriety a handicap, they emigrated to Canada.

Lord Brougham later admitted to Francis Place that the Cabinet had been guilty of narrow-minded cowardice in withholding remission of the sentences lest it should be inferred that they acted through fear. And fear it was which smothered judgment at every stage of the case. The spirit of the men, which endured unscathed through the harrowing experience of the trial and the transportation, is voiced in the verses written in prison by James Loveless :

God is our guide! no swords we draw,  
We kindle not war's battle fires;  
By reason, union, justice, law,  
We claim the birthright of our sires.  
We raise the watchword liberty,  
We will, we will, we will be free!

J. H. MATTHEWS.



## RAINER MARIA RILKE

**R**AINER Maria Rilke was born at Prague in 1875. The careful researches of his son-in-law have shown that his father's family was descended from a line of German peasants, of whom the earliest we can trace died about 1625; but there was a tradition that the family was related to a more ancient and noble branch, and it was this tradition which the poet preferred to accept. His father, Josef Rilke, had been intended, like his two elder brothers, for the career of an officer in the Austrian army, but after serving with distinction in the campaign against Italy in 1859, he had been compelled to ask for a long leave of absence on grounds of ill-health, after which his prospects of promotion had seemed so remote that he resigned. He then became a railway official, but although he achieved some success and distinction in this career he remained until the end of his days a disappointed man, rather contemptuous of the bourgeois life he was forced to lead, and for many years found his one consolation in the hope that his son René would be able to obtain the commission which he himself had been compelled to forego. The birth of René had been preceded by that of a daughter who died in infancy; this had been a great grief and disappointment to the mother, who seems to have tried to console herself for the loss by pretending, so long as she possibly could, that René was a girl. Until he was five years old he wore dresses and long curls and played with dolls; and even when these things had to go his only meetings with boys of his own age were on his birthdays. Even for an ordinary and normal child such an upbringing would have been likely to exact retribution, and René was not ordinary: he revealed a precocious talent for writing and drawing which his adoring parents unwisely encouraged, thereby accentuating still further the difference between him and other children. Rilke, in his letters and elsewhere, has spoken of the agonies he suffered during the five years—September, 1886, to June, 1891—at the Lower and Higher Military Schools of St. Pölten and Mährisch-Weisskirchen. It is true that from the age of ten the boys in these institutions were subjected to a strict military discipline, and that Rilke has embodied what seemed to him part, at any rate, of the spirit and tendency of that discipline in *Die Turnstunde* (The Gym. Lesson), where a poor nervous boy dies of heart failure after having

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been compelled to climb a pole by a brutal drill-sergeant ; but it is probable that with his temperament and with his unwise upbringing he would have been miserable in any public school. For his school-fellows saw in him something that boys nearly always hate—one with interests different from theirs, one who could live in a world of his own. He was finally removed from Mährisch-Weisskirchen on the ground of continuous ill-health, and until May, 1892, he studied at the Commercial Academy in Linz. There everything came easily to him, and he was praised by his teachers. Strangely enough, whatever he may have suffered at the Military Schools, his enthusiasm for the military career seems to have been unimpaired, for we find him writing to his mother : ' I have only put off the Emperor's uniform in order, within a short time, to put it on again—for ever ; and am convinced that I shall wear it honourably'. An unpropitious love-affair seems to have brought his stay at Linz to an abrupt close, but almost immediately his Uncle Jaroslav, a barrister, proposed that René should succeed him in his practice, and offered to pay all the expenses of his education. The offer was accepted, and from 1892 to 1895 Rilke studied hard and was exceedingly happy. He wrote incessantly, and in 1894 published his first volume of poems. ' One is tempted to remark', says his son-in-law, Carl Sieber, ' that Rilke during these years was hopelessly sentimental. He spends All Souls' Eve in the Churchyard and writes, as he himself says, "deeply-felt poems" '. While studying at the University of Prague, 1895-6, he published at his own expense *Wegwarten*, ' Songs, presented to the people', of which he gave copies to hospitals and municipal libraries, and *Larenopfer* (published in 1896, when he was a student at Munich) was also written in Prague. A selection from these and other early volumes—*Traumgekrönt* (1897), *Advent* (1898), *Mir zur Feier* (1899)—occupy the first volume of his collected works. He attached a certain importance to them, regarding them as a homage to his native Bohemia and Prague, and they are well worth reading, although they contain almost nothing that one would care to include even in a large and comprehensive selection from his verse. They are rather exercises in metre, transcriptions of things seen, than what he would later have called ' experiences'; life seen, as it were, at a distance, through dreams, vague aspirations, legends and traditions.

Meanwhile his uncle Jaroslav had died, and while studying at Munich Rilke seems definitely to have abandoned law in favour of literature. Our knowledge of him first becomes really definite and

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precise in 1899, when the first volume of his Letters and Journals begins. There we find him staying with his cousin Lou Andreas-Salomé and her husband at Schmargendorf, near Berlin, and full of anticipation of his first journey to Russia. These two visits to Russia, which he and his cousin made in 1899 and 1900, were perhaps the most important events in his life. Something of what they meant to him may be best conveyed by a few extracts from his letters and journals. 'One can hardly say how new this country is, how much of the future. As though its palaces and churches had still to come into existence—sometime' (I, 12). 'I have been three weeks in Russia, have heard the Easter bells in Moscow and by the gleaming of the birch coppices and the roaring of the broad Neva I perceive the first approach of spring. The mere daily fact of living among this people full of reverence and piety is strange, and I find a deep delight in this new experience' (I, 14-15). 'It seems that Russian people live fragments of infinitely longer and mightier careers, and even if they only linger therein for a moment, there hang nevertheless over these minutes the dimensions of gigantic intentions and unending developments . . . And in all their lives it is just this which gives us such a sense of eternity and of the future' (I, 30). During his second visit he again met Tolstoy, and said of his talk: 'The conversation deals with many things. But the words do not pass by *in front of* them, keeping to externals, they press through the darkness behind the things. And the deep value of every word is not its colour in the light, but the feeling that it comes from the darkenesses and the secrecies out of which we all live. And whenever, in the sound of his talk, the uncommon was perceptible, there opened somewhere a prospect on to bright backgrounds of deep unity' (I, 41). And in the same letter: 'As we returned on foot to Koslowka we enjoyed and understood the country of Tula, in which wealth and poverty exist side by side, not as opposites, but as different, very sisterly words for one and the same life which fulfils itself, exultant and careless, in a hundred forms' (I, 42). 'To be for days and nights, many days and many nights, on the Volga, this peacefully rolling sea: a broad, broad stream, tall, tall forest on one bank, on the other side deep heath-land, in which even great cities stand like huts and tents.—One re-learns all dimensions. One experiences: land is large, water is something large, and above all the sky is large. What I have seen hitherto was only an image of land and river and world. But here is everything itself. I feel as though I had been present at the Creation; few

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words for all being, things in the proportions of God the Father' (I, 265-6). He had been unconsciously prepared for it all: as he wrote during his first visit: 'At bottom, one seeks in everything new (country or person or thing) only an expression, which helps some personal confession to greater power and maturity. In fact all things are there in order that they may in some sort become images for us. And they do not suffer thereby, for while they express us ever more clearly, our soul broods in the same measure over them. And I feel during these days that *Russian* things will give me the names for those most terrible pieties of my being, which, ever since childhood, have been longing to enter my art' (I, 17). Some years later he tried to sum up in the following passage what Russia had meant to him:

Russia was reality and at the same time the deep, daily insight, that reality is something distant, coming infinitely slowly to those who have patience. Russia, the country where people are lonely people, each with a world in himself, each full of darkness like a mountain, each deep in his humility, without fear of humiliating himself, and therefore pious. People full of distance, uncertainty and hope: people becoming something. And over all a never-fixed, eternally changing and growing, God. (I, p. 419.)

Patience, Humility, God—words and ideas which occur continually in his writings, and which were inseparably connected with his memories of Russia. The letters which Rilke wrote from 1914 onwards have not yet been published, so we do not know what he thought of the Russian revolution; but when in 1907 he met Gorki he felt that the 'democrat' in him was a barrier between them. 'The obstacle is the greater in this case, in as much as the revolutionary seems to me a contradiction both of the Russian and of the artist: both have in their innermost natures so very much reason to be opposed to revolutions, because for both nothing is so important as patience and nothing so natural for the one as for the other'. (*Letters*, III, 251-2). And in 1903, speaking of a perception he had of the history of endless generations of things unfolding itself beneath human history, he wrote to Lou Andreas-Salomé:

Perhaps some time, Lou, Russian man will become a part of this history, who, just as Rodin does as a creator, descends from and is related to things as a becomer and endurer, blood-related. That capacity to wait which is characteristic of Russian man (which the German's self-important preoccupation with the unimportant calls laziness) would thus receive a new and certain elucidation: perhaps the Russian is so made as to let human history go by him, in order later to fall into the harmony of things with his singing heart. He has only to endure, to hold out, and, like the violinist to whom no signal has yet been given, to sit in the orchestra carefully holding his instrument, so that nothing may happen to it. (*Letters*, II, 125-6.)

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Here it is perhaps worth while to observe, once and for all, that statements such as this, which are very frequent in Rilke and which practically-minded persons might be inclined to dismiss as the vapourings of an æsthete, are intended to mean exactly what they say, and that behind and beneath them is a system of values which interpenetrates all his writings and which may well be called the 'essential' Rilke. It is idle to complain that he always looks at life as an artist; he always persistently refused to make any distinction or separation between art and life. For him, to see things as an artist, to see them, if you will, *æsthetically* was to see them *really*, and in their true relations. For him, death was as important as life, past as present, eternity as time, childhood as maturity, animals and things as men and women, the dark background of consciousness, with all its secret and inexplicable terrors and grandeurs, as our most daylight thoughts and activities. He refused to accept any conventional hierarchy of being, any conventional distinction between important and unimportant, great and small. The words 'God' and 'angel' appear again and again in his writings; he continued to use them although he early abandoned conventional religion. They represent the sudden irruption of transcendent and super-human values and standards into a conventional world. It is the world as it might appear to *them* that Rilke tries to see and to express.—But this is to anticipate; for although after his return from Russia Rilke may be said already, in a sense, to have formed his characteristic attitude to life, there is an immense distance between the *Stunden-Buch* and the *Duineser Elegien*: his view of life has become more comprehensive, more ruthless, less eclectic, less sentimental; and God and the angels have become more terrible and more remote.

After his second visit to Russia he moved into a small house of his own at Schmargendorf and studied Russian history, art and literature with passionate energy, trying to order and assimilate his impressions and experiences, trying to transform, as he put it, what as yet was but half-recollection and half-intimation into an encompassing element, 'calm and secure, like something which existed from all eternity and for which my eyes alone have just become really competent' (*Letters*, I, 53). The first two parts of the *Stunden-Buch* or *Book of Hours*—'The Book of Monastic Life' and 'The Book of Pilgrimage'—although not published until 1905, were the fruit of all this. They represent the meditations of a Russian monk 'on God, on Nature and on human life'. The central idea is that of the brother-

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hood of all men and things and of the mutual dependence of God on man and man on God. The form, if one may make that distinction, is often more important than the content. The experience behind them is intense, but, in comparison with that behind Rilke's later poems, rather limited and subjective. Their chief characteristic is what a musician would call 'colour'; Rilke is intoxicated by the music of words and by the play of images, by the infinite patterns of sound and sense that may be woven from them. His favourite device of alliteration is perhaps overdone, although he often uses it to produce new and striking effects, and, in particular, to unite words and meanings which had never been united before: a kind of wit which resembles that of our own 'metaphysical' poets, although they did not exploit this particular device of style. It enables him to present the most surprising combinations with a peculiar kind of nonchalance, as something obvious and a matter of course. This kind of wit, this art of being astonishingly obvious or obviously astonishing, is one of Rilke's special qualities. The essence of the first two parts of the *Stunden-Buch* is perhaps best expressed in the two following extracts, which Professor Fiedler, in the *Oxford Book of German Verse*, has combined, justifiably, I think, into a single poem:

Du bist so gross, dass ich schon nicht mehr bin,  
wenn ich mich nur in deine Nähe stelle.  
Du bist so dunkel; meine kleine Helle  
an deinem Saum hat keinen Sinn.  
Dein Wille geht wie eine Welle,  
und jeder Tag ertrinkt darin.

Ich finde dich in allen diesen Dingen,  
denen ich gut und wie ein Bruder bin;  
als Samen sonnst du dich in den geringen,  
und in den grossen gibst du gross dich hin.

Das ist das wundersame Spiel der Kräfte,  
dass sie so dienend durch die Dinge gehn:  
in Wurzeln wachsend, schwindend in die Schäfte  
und in den Wipfeln wie ein Auferstehn.

—(*Works*, II, 189, 192.)

Thou art so great, that I quite cease to be if I merely place myself near thee. Thou art so dark, my little brightness on thy border has no meaning. Thy will moves like a wave, and every day is drowned therein.

I find thee in all these things to which I am kind and like a brother; thou sunnest thyself like seed in the small ones, and surrenderest thyself greatly in the great.



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Such is the wondrous play of forces, passing so serviceably through things: growing in roots, vanishing into the trunks, and in the tree-tops like a resurrection.

In 1901 he married the young sculptress Clara Westhoff, a pupil of Rodin's, whom he had met in the artists' colony at Worpswede. They lived at Westerwede, near Bremen, in a kind of peasant's cottage on a moor. It was a time of great experience, but also of great poverty and anxiety. Early in 1902 we find him asking a friend to try and help him to a position in a publishing-house, art gallery, theatre, or the like, since he is unable to support himself and his family by writing. A little later he says that his wife is willing to give art lessons, and that he is terribly worried by the fact that affairs at home will make it necessary to discontinue a small allowance on which he has been living.

For me marriage, which from the ordinary standpoint was a great imprudence, was a necessity. My world, which has so little connection with mortal life, was in bachelor-quarters abandoned to every wind, unprotected, and required for its development a quiet house of my own beneath the wide skies of loneliness. (*Letters*, I, 141.)

His father had been kind but uncomprehending—had offered him a position in a bank, supposing that he could do his 'writing' in the evenings! He declares that he cannot go back: 'I would rather starve with those who belong to me than take this step, which is like a death without the grandeur of death' (*Letters*, I, 143). Then, some months later, he appeals to the generosity of some friends he had known in Munich to make it possible for him to spend one year in Paris. He feels that what he has never yet enjoyed, a single year free from anxiety, is most necessary for his development. He and his wife have both resolved that their work is the most important thing, and if necessary they are ready to part from time to time in order to continue it. Here it is perhaps worth adding that Rilke's view of marriage, like his other views, was far from conventional. He frequently condemns the popular ideals of self-surrender and self-abandonment, which to him mean a shallow community achieved by the obliteration of distinctions and differences, and insists that the duty and privilege of each partner is to be the guardian of the other's solitude, and that love is an opportunity to become, for the sake of another, a world for oneself (*Letters*, I, 107-8; *Briefe an einen jungen Dichter*, 38). The journey to Paris was made possible, and in June, 1902, Rilke wrote his first letter to Rodin, saying that he had been



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commissioned to write a monograph on him and that he was coming to Paris in order to meet him.

Before speaking of his association with Rodin a few words must be added about Rilke's development up to this time. Not only had he acquired in Russia that deep mystical sense of the brotherhood and unity of all men and things; he had also been steadily developing his powers of *Anschaun*, of observation. In 1901 he sent his young brother-in-law a copy of the poem *Die Pfauenfeder*, 'The Peacock's Feather', saying that he wrote it many years ago at a fair in Munich, where people bought peacocks' feathers and amused themselves by tickling each other.

But do you know, dear Helmuth, what was the most important thing to me? —the fact that I perceived once again that most people take hold of things in order to do something stupid with them (as, for example, to tickle each other with peacocks' feathers), instead of looking at each thing properly and asking it what beauty it possesses. Thus it comes about that most people simply don't know how beautiful the world is and how much splendour is revealed in the smallest things, in a common flower, in a stone, in the bark of a tree or the leaf of a birch. Grown-up people, who have occupations and cares and who worry themselves about mere trifles, gradually lose the eye for these riches, which children, if they are observant and good-natured, quickly notice and love with their whole heart. (*Letters*, I, 122-3.)

A year earlier he records in his journal how a Corot in a Hamburg gallery suggested to him that he was beginning to *see* pictures for the first time. He must go to Paris and visit Rodin and make up for a great deal he has missed in his solitude. 'The Russian journey with its daily losses remains for me such an infinitely terrifying proof of my immature eyes' (*Letters*, I, 341-2). And the entry closes with the poem *Fortschritt*, 'Progress', later published in the *Buch der Bilder*:

Und wieder rauscht mein tiefes Leben lauter,  
als ob es jetzt in breitem Ufern ginge.  
Immer verwandter werden mir die Dinge  
und alle Bilder immer angeschauter.  
Dem Namenlosen fühl ich mich vertrauter:  
mit meinen Sinnen, wie mit Vögeln, reiche  
ich in die windigen Himmel aus der Eiche,  
und in den abgebrochnen Tag der Teiche  
sinkt, wie auf Fischen stehend, mein Gefühl.

—(*Works*, II, 57.)

And louder once again rushes my deep life, as though flowing now between broader banks. Things become more and more akin to me and all pictures more

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closely observed. I feel more intimate with the Nameless : with my senses, as with birds, I reach from the oak into the windy sky, and my feeling, as though standing on fishes, sinks into the fragmentary day of ponds.

And now came the two most important events in his life after the Russian journeys—Paris and Rodin. His first stay there was from August, 1902, to March, 1903, and his letters are full of two things: boundless admiration for the personality and genius of Rodin, and sensitivite recoil from the miseries and horrors, the cruelty and indifference of the city. In his second letter to his wife, describing some of his first impressions, he says :

And then there is only Rodin. And in between, again and again, the Louvre. Everything will relate itself to him and group itself around him. Paris, too, perhaps, which is indeed a great strange city, very, very strange to me. The numerous hospitals, which are everywhere here, trouble me. I understand why they continually appear in Verlaine, in Baudelaire and Mallarmé. One sees invalids, walking or driving to them, in every street. One sees them at the windows of the Hotel-Dieu in their curious uniforms, the sad pale uniforms of the Order of Sickness. One feels all of a sudden that in this wide city there are hosts of invalids, armies of dying, nations of dead. (*Letters*, II, 24.)

In July, looking back upon these first months from Worpswede, he wrote to Lou Andreas-Salomé :

I should like to tell you, dear Lou, that Paris has been for me an experience similar to the Military School ; just as then a great terrifying astonishment seized me, so now I was seized with horror at the prospect of all that, by some unspeakable confusion, is called life. Then, when I was a boy among boys, I was alone among them ; and how alone I was now among these people, continually denied, as it were, by everything that met me ; the carriages drove right through me, and people in a hurry did not turn aside to avoid me but ran over me, full of contempt, as over a bad place in the road in which stale water has collected. (*Letters*, II, 97.)

In March, unable to bear it any longer, he escaped for a month to Viareggio, and there wrote the third and last part of the *Stunden-Buch*, 'The Book of Poverty and of Death'. And that year, in Rome, he began his greatest prose work, *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge*, 'The Note-Books of Malte Laurids Brigge'. These note-books are supposed to have been written by a young Dane who is slowly being destroyed by Paris, struggling with questions he cannot answer and terrors he cannot subdue. As his health becomes undermined and his nerves sensitised to the point of agony, the ordinary, conventional boundaries between the real and the unreal, truth and illusion, become more and more indeterminate. The name-

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less fears and anxieties of childhood come thronging back; the smallest details of life take on a strange and sinister significance. As he sinks deeper and deeper into poverty he begins to feel a new kinship with the poor and outcast, is convinced that they are beginning to recognise him as one of themselves, and broods for days over the problem of their mysteriously preserved existence. It is true that the book is very largely autobiographical, and that the experiences which suggested many of its most famous sections—the Hospitals, the Pencil-Seller, the Man with the Stick, the Medical Student with the paralytic eyelid—are recorded in Rilke's letters. Nevertheless, Malte must not be taken as a portrait of Rilke, for Rilke, unlike Malte, was able to endure 'the terrible insight' in the confidence and resolution of being able, one day, to 'sing of glory and joy to assenting angels'. His own view of the matter is sufficiently indicated in his letters: the book, he says, 'will only give real pleasure to those who try, as it were, to read it *against the stream*' (*Letters*, IV, 196-7). And again:

Above all, never overlook the fact that the only reason why his inconsolabilities are transferred as such to the reader is because the pure, innocent power that breaks out in them chances (and this is, strictly speaking, no more than chance) to be involved in the course of a decline. The fact that poor Malte is destroyed by it is his affair, and need not trouble us further. The one important fact is that Immensity does not disdain to concern itself so intimately with us; this is what, at a certain period, would have been called the moral of the book, the justification of its existence. These note-books, in applying a measure to very deeply-accumulated sorrows, suggest to what height happiness, achieved with the fulness of these same forces, might climb. (*Letters*, IV, 207-8.)

Rilke suffered greatly, but he was neither overcome by these sufferings and fears, like poor Malte, nor did he try to escape from them into a dream-world of his own creation. Partly because of the inspiring example of Rodin, and partly because he was faithful to the law of his own development, he grappled with them, and they stimulated his creative activity, and he achieved a deeper unity with men and things, a profounder insight, a stronger faith, a more convincing affirmation, because it had overcome more powerful negations, than in the earlier sections of the *Stunden-Buch* and the first edition of the *Buch der Bilder*. Rodin taught him that 'il faut toujours travailler', and not merely in moments of inspiration; and although he was unable to follow this advice in regard to the actual process of creation, which with him was always spontaneous and 'inspired', he was able to make a continual preparation and preparedness for creation his daily

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work. He recognised that there were essential differences between work in clay and work in words, but he was convinced that somehow he must follow the example of Rodin: 'not by transforming my art into sculpture, but by an internal regulation of the artistic process; it is not modelling that I must learn from him, but deep concentration in the service of creation' (*Letters*, II, 118). Rodin gave him a new sense of the inexhaustible richness of nature, of the infinite significance of '*die Dinge*', of the immense value of just looking steadily at things without prejudices or preconceptions, patiently waiting for them to yield up their secrets.

Always whatever he looks at and surrounds with looking is for him the only thing, the world, in which everything takes place; if he is modelling a hand, it is alone in space, and there is nothing except a hand; and God in six days made nothing but a hand, and poured out the waters around it and arched the heavens above it; and rested over it when everything was finished, and there was a glory and a hand. (*Letters*, II, 111.)

Only things talk to me. Rodin's things, the things on the Gothic cathedrals, the classical things—all things that are perfect things. They refer me to the prototypes; to the stirring lively world, seen simply and with no other significance than that of being the occasion for things. (*Letters*, II, 116.)

From September, 1905, to May, 1906, he lived with Rodin as his secretary. The task of attending to Rodin's correspondence made enormous demands on his time; we can see from his letters that the collar was beginning to chafe; but unfortunately the parting that was inevitable seems to have been precipitated by some misunderstanding and want of sympathy on Rodin's part, although later a complete reconciliation was effected. From his first arrival there until 1914 Rilke regarded Paris both as his spiritual home and as the battlefield where his spiritual conflicts were to be fought and won. Every now and then his health and nerves would collapse under the strain of his self-imposed asceticism, his intense, prolonged observation and meditation, his lonely struggles with the most secret and subtle memories, intuitions, intimations, fears and hopes of his own nature and of human nature, and he would seek relief in journeys and visits which during the long period of restlessness that followed the completion, in 1910, of *Malte Laurids Brigge* became longer and more frequent—Central Europe, Belgium, Scandinavia, Italy, Spain; but sooner or later he nearly always came to realise that they were distractions, that he could profit by them only if he could contrive to be alone and undisturbed, that company and conversation were temptations

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to waste power that should be reserved for creation, and that he must return to Paris and solitude.

Paris and Rodin inspired not only *Malte Laurids Brigge* but also the superb *Neue Gedichte* (1907 and 1908), between which and even the best of the fifty additions to the *Buch der Bilder* he recognised an important difference in kind (*Letters*, II, 297). Like Beethoven when he composed the 'Appassionata', he felt that he was striking out a new road. He would spend hours, days, in the Louvre, in the Jardin d'Acclimatation or Jardin des Plantes, waiting for pictures, statues and animals to yield up their secrets (*Pietà, Sankt Sebastian, Die Kurtisane, Archaischer Torso Apollos, Der Panther, Die Gazelle, Die Flamingos*); hours in streets and gardens and squares in Paris and abroad, observing the activity of the present and feeling the pressure of the past (*Das Karussell, Irre im Garten, Fremde Familie, Der Blinde, Der Balkon, Die Kathedrale, Gott im Mittelalter, Der Platz*); hours over his favourite books, the Bible and the Lives of the Saints, finding there 'expression for something within', and creating, in a manner that seems for the first time to give a meaning to that threadbare cliché of Renaissance criticism, 'speaking pictures' (*Josuas Landtag, Der Ölbaumgarten, Tröstung des Elia, Ein Prophet, Esther, Die Versuchung, Aus dem Leben eines Heiligen, Das Einhorn*). Nothing like these poems had been written before; nothing like them has been written since. Rilke has been called a Symbolist, but he cannot rightfully be claimed by this or by any school; he is a Symbolist only within the meaning of his own phrase that 'everything strange is only a means of expression for something within'. In a sense, he might almost be said to begin where most Symbolists end; he is a master both of the music and of the associations of words, but words and images are always a means, never an end. Much as we admire the process we admire the result still more, and the reason why we return again and again to these poems is the variety and intensity of the experiences behind them. Indeed, in a famous passage in *Malte Laurids Brigge*, a book which overlaps the period during which these poems were written, Rilke has expressed, perhaps more clearly than elsewhere, his conception of what poetry should be.

But alas! one does not get very far with verses if one writes them too early. One should wait and collect sense and sweetness during a whole lifetime and if possible a long one, and then, right at the end, one might perhaps be able to write ten lines that were good. For verses are not, as people suppose, feelings (one

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has those soon enough)—they are experiences. For the sake of a verse one must see many cities, men and things, one must know animals, one must feel how birds fly, and understand the gestures with which little flowers open in the morning. One must be able to look back upon roads in unknown regions, on unexpected meetings and on partings that one long foresaw, on days of childhood which are still unexplained, on parents whom one had to hurt, if they brought one a pleasure and one did not comprehend it (it was a pleasure for someone else),—on childish illnesses, that begin so strangely with so many deep and difficult changes, on days in still, subdued rooms and on mornings by the sea, on the sea above all, on seas, on nights of travel that rushed away on high and flew with all the stars—and even if one is able to think of all that, it is not yet sufficient. One must have memories of many nights of love, of which not one was like another, of cries of women in labour and of light, white, sleeping women in childbed, who are closing. But one must also have been beside the dying, must have sat beside the dead in the room with the open window and the intermittent sounds. And still, even to have memories is not sufficient. If there are many of them one must be able to forget them, and one must have the great patience to wait until they return. For the memories themselves are not yet what is required. Only if they become blood within us, sight and gesture, nameless and no longer distinguishable from ourselves, only then is it possible, in some very rare hour, for the first word of a verse to arise in their midst and to proceed from them. (*Works*, V, 25-7.)

He felt that the completion of *Malte Laurids Brigge* marked the end of a period in his life, and that it would be impossible to continue writing as though nothing had happened. He even mentions the possibility of forsaking literature for some other profession, and when he finally rejects it he is driven almost to despair by the apparent impossibility of finding a new outlet for his creative activity; for, as he declares, he cannot go on writing mechanically, exploiting what he considers to be his defects. 'Now, perhaps, I shall learn to be a little human', he says, and admits that hitherto his art has been concerned almost exclusively with 'things'. He who had formerly been so independent of human companionship now finds himself longing for it. Must he always remain in his lonely tower with his eye glued to the telescope? Why not resolve to escape from the tyranny of 'things', to live and love with the ardour and self-abandonment of those he had admired from a distance? He tried, and the result was always disappointment and disillusion and bitter self-reproach that he was incapable of love. Nevertheless, in moments of insight he was able to recognize and accept his destiny, as when he wrote to Princess Marie from Spain in December, 1912:

To-day, as I watched these mountains, these slopes, opened in the purest air as though about to burst into song, I could not help saying to myself, to what joy this would have impelled me even three years ago, how it would have



## RAINER MARIA RILKE

transformed me into sheer joy. Now it is as though my heart had moved miles away, I see many things that make a start and move off in its direction,—but I do not experience their arrival. Alas! I have not yet got over expecting the 'nouvelle opération' from some human hand; and yet why, since my fate is, as it were, to pass by the human, to reach the uttermost, the edge of the earth, as recently in Cordova, where a little ugly dog, in an advanced state of preparation for motherhood, came up to me; it was an undistinguished animal, and certainly full of very casual puppies, about which no fuss will have been made; but difficult as it was for her, she came over to me, as we were quite alone, and raised her eyes, enlarged by care and introspection, and begged for my glance,—and truly in hers there was everything that transcends the individual and passes, I can't say where—into the future or into the incomprehensible; the result was that she obtained a piece of sugar from my coffee, but incidentally, oh so incidentally, we read the mass together, as it were; the transaction in itself was nothing but giving and taking, but the meaning and the earnestness and our whole mutual understanding were boundless. And yet such things can only happen on earth; when all is said and done, it is good to have made the passage here willingly, even though unsurely, even though guiltily, even though not at all heroically,—on earth one is wonderfully prepared for relationships with the divine. (*Letters*, IV, 258-9.)

During the first months of this and during the autumn of the preceding year he had lived alone in Schloss Duino, the property of one of his dearest and loyalest friends, Princess Marie of Thurn and Taxis Hohenlohe. One morning he received a letter which required an immediate and careful answer. To settle his thoughts he went out into the storm and paced to and fro along the bastions, the sea raging two hundred feet below. Suddenly he stopped, for it seemed that in the midst of the storm a voice has called to him:

Wer, wenn ich schrie, hörte mich denn aus der Engel  
Ordnungen?

Who, if I cried, from among the angelic orders  
Would hear me?

On the twenty-third of February, 1912, his friend received the first of the *Duineser Elegien*, the first line of which had been given by this voice from the storm. The first lines of each of the succeeding nine were written almost immediately, but it was ten years before they were completed, and it is probably due very largely to the constant and faithful encouragement of Princess Marie that the task was not abandoned in despair. Again there were doubts and hesitations and fierce inner conflicts, but at last, in the solitude of the Château de Muzot in Switzerland, where he finally settled after the war, Rilke was able to bring his life's work to a magnificent close. On the eleventh of February, 1922, he wrote to his friend that the ten

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elegies were finished. 'All in a few days, there was an indescribable storm, a hurricane, in my mind (like that time in Duino), every fibre and web within me cracked—eating was not to be thought of, God knows who fed me'. And within a few more days he had written the fifty-five *Sonette an Orpheus*.

After trying to return to humanity he returned once more to himself, or rather to his task of establishing new outposts in the darkness and mystery that surround us. Only after long and loving study of these profoundest of modern poems can we hope to follow him some little part of the way 'to the uttermost, to the edge of the earth'. They are dark through excess of light. The experience with which he illuminates life and death and love, childhood, pain and sorrow, the self and the world, is now so intense and concentrated that it often passes beyond the limits of the normal human consciousness, and approximates to that of the Angels who appear so frequently in his pages.

J. B. LEISHMAN.



## THE UNKNOWN EGO

by R. A. HODGSON

**I**NTOLERABLE, this waiting,  
this not knowing  
how I shall meet  
the man I am to be.

Once I imagined that I should know him;  
instantly recognise him  
along the path of the years.  
Now it seems that I must seek him out.

And when I encounter him,  
shall I put him on like a garment?  
Or shall I surrender?  
Or must I wrestle with him,  
as Jacob with his angel?

Intolerable, this not knowing!

## THE SOUTHAMPTON RECORD SOCIETY.

THE Southampton Record Society owes its existence to Dr. J. F. C. Hearnshaw, first Professor of History in the University College of Southampton. At the Court Leet meeting held according to ancient custom on Hock Tuesday, May 26th, 1905, Professor Hearnshaw mentioned that he had transcribed many of the old records of the Court and had found in them quaint and interesting details concerning the medieval life of the town; he therefore suggested the desirability of publishing them. He pointed out that all over the country there was a strong awakening to the importance of preserving old records and so giving the present generation some idea of the public and social life of their forefathers. The State some years ago had recognized its responsibility in the matter by appointing the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and one of its members, Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, had visited Southampton in 1883, examined its documents and divided them into five classes—books, charters, deeds, letters and rolls. For many years these valuable papers had been allowed to lie in unlocked cupboards in the Town Council Chamber, and it was reported that some of them had been used for lighting fires. Mr. Jeaffreson sorted these confused masses of records and found an almost unbroken line of documents dating from 1199, some of which were of extraordinary interest and value, for they bore on most aspects of national life as well as on local affairs. The result of these researches was embodied in the general report on historical manuscripts which was printed by order of the House of Commons.

Many members of the Court Leet Jury expressed their approval of Professor Hearnshaw's suggestion and promised him their support in carrying it into effect, and at a meeting of prominent residents of the town and neighbourhood held three weeks afterwards the Southampton Record Society was formally inaugurated.

The way for the establishment of the Society had been paved in the preceding year by an Exhibition—'Relics of Old Southampton'—of which Professor Hearnshaw was also the originator and leading spirit. Over 500 exhibits were on view for a week in the old Hartley College, lectures were given twice daily, among them one on St.

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Julian's Church by Sir William Portal, and tours conducted by experts to places of historic interest in the town.

The nucleus of the committee of the newly-formed Society was provided by the lecturers and officers of this Exhibition. The Mayor, Colonel E. Bance, was elected President, and from that time forward the Mayors of Southampton have been *ex-officio* Presidents of the Record Society; Sir Richard Linthorne, J.P., O.B.E., then Town Clerk, is still a member of Committee. Mr. W. F. G. Spranger, J.P., to whom is owing the preservation of Tudor House, was the first Chairman, and Mr. C. Cooksey, well known for his studies in Roman antiquities, the first Treasurer. Professor Hearnshaw became General Editor and joint Secretary with Miss E. R. Aubrey.

The first volume edited by Professor and Mrs. Hearnshaw was an instalment of Court Leet Records nominally covering the years 1550-1577, but a few numbers were missing. These have been re-discovered recently in the muniment room of the Civic Centre by Mr. R. C. Anderson, and they will subsequently be published. Many encouraging letters were received from historians of repute, among them Professor F. N. Maitland, of Cambridge, and Dr. Charles Grouse, of Harvard University, and an order for all future publications came from the Library of the United States Congress. Two more Court Leet volumes were issued by the same editors in the following year, and the series was completed for the time being by Professor Hearnshaw's 'Leet Jurisdiction', a work of great erudition based mainly on Southampton documents and supplemented by research into the archives of other ancient boroughs. In recognition of the value of this contribution to historical knowledge the University of Dublin conferred on its author the degree of LL.D.

As a change from Court Leet Records it was decided by the Committee that the next publication should deal with a later period, *viz.*, 'Dr. Speed's History of Southampton', written in what Professor Maitland described as a 'prehistoric epoch', about 1770. This work is possibly the most popular of the volumes, appealing to a large class of readers who have neither leisure nor inclination to study the constitutional and administrative documents of the Borough. It differs from the others also in being the work of one person only, a townsman whose life was wellknown to his fellow citizens. Dr. John Speed was in great request as a medical man among the fashionable crowds who visited Southampton in George III's reign to drink

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the waters of the reputed healing springs. He lived in Holy Rood House—now Messrs. Lankester's iron foundry—and his grave may be seen in the middle aisle of Holy Rood Church.

The most important document in the books section of the archives is the famous 'Oak Book', said to be 'first in antiquity and curiosity'. It derives its name from the covers which are of dark and much worn oak, one being much longer than the other and cut out at the bottom so as to provide a handle for holding the book. It is a very small volume, its pages of vellum less than quarto in size and numbering sixty only. But its historic importance is in inverse ratio to its bulk, for it contains the oldest extant records of the municipal organization of Southampton, and these are of more than local interest. 'The eyes of antiquarians and historians have long been on it', said Professor Hearnshaw.

The contents of the Oak Book are varied, the most important part being the Ordinances of the Merchant Guild, which throw some light on an obscure problem of early economic and constitutional history—the relation of the Merchant Guild to the governing body of the Borough. As far as the Southampton Guild is concerned, it is abundantly clear that at the time when the Ordinances were formulated, the Guild was the ruling body. It was as 'Alderman of the Guild' that the Mayor acquired his office and exercised his powers. Besides these Ordinances, the volume contains lists of the English boroughs and particulars of their charters, the dues and customs on goods brought in by land or sea, a copy of Letters Patent empowering the burgesses to levy a penny in the pound on all merchandise passing in or out of the town, and the oath exacted from the Mayor and other Officials. The language of this oath and the handwriting seem to fix the date at about 1320. The accurate translation, full glossary and scholarly notes on the Anglo-French dialect used in England in the 14th century won recognition for the editor, Professor Studer, and London University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature. This volume greatly added to the prestige of the Record Society and attracted the attention of continental universities, several of which became patrons. The Introduction and notes to Professor Studer's next volume, the 'Port Books of Southampton', also Anglo-French, made a valuable contribution to the study of philology.

Next in importance to the Oak Book ranks the 'Black Book', a history of local land tenure containing deeds dating from 1390 to

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1570. Among these is the will of William Capon, which, by the gift of West Hall and three tenements in French Street, made possible the founding of King Edward VI Grammar School. One provision laid down by the donor that, 'every scholar every day shall pray for the soul of William Capon', is probably unknown to the present pupils of the school. The 'Black Book' was prepared for publication by Miss A. B. Wallis Chapman, D.Sc., of the London School of Economics, and this is the only instance of help being sought from an editor outside the Borough; the work has otherwise been done voluntarily by citizens of Southampton.

The personnel of the Editors has changed but little in the 28 years of the Society's existence. When in 1913 Dr. Studer, who had followed Dr. Hearnshaw as General Editor, was appointed Professor of Romance Languages at the Taylorian Institute, Oxford, Mr. H. W. Gidden took his place. No one has laboured more devotedly than Mr. Gidden, seven out of the 33 volumes issued bear his name. His classical knowledge was of great service in deciphering the abbreviated Latin of the 'Charters of the Borough', and his next contribution, the 'Sign Manuals and Letters Patent', added to his reputation as an editor. His latest volume, the 'Books of Remembrance', owe their interest to the fact that they are the earliest attempt (1303) to keep a record of events of public interest in the town.

In 1919 the committee was fortunate in securing the services of a new editor, the late Dr. J. W. Horrocks, whose sound scholarship did much to enhance the Society's reputation. His untiring energy produced four volumes of the 'Assembly Books', records which to-day would be described as minute books of the Corporation. They contain quaint and interesting particulars as to the social life of the citizens of the 17th and 18th centuries and the regulations controlling their conduct, such as the management of alehouses and the prevention of 'tippling', the observance of Sundays and Lent, and the restriction on the burgesses' desire for dress above their stations. Occasionally more intimate details are recorded, as in the case of a certain Alderman Tolderbey, who was ordered 'to keepe his wyffe close upp for that it had pleased almightie God to visit her with a lunacie and grate distemperature of mind'. Dr. Horrocks' introductions and notes in this series bear witness to his wide historical knowledge, his careful elucidation of obscure points and his power of educing interesting facts from dull matter, and they are mines of



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information for the student of social history, as there are few aspects of town life on which he has not thrown new light.

On the death of Dr. Horrocks in 1929, Mr. R. C. Anderson, M.A., F.S.A., consented to share the General Editorship with Dr. Gidden, thus adding to the debt of gratitude owing to him for his many services. Mr. Anderson had acted as Treasurer for twelve years at a time when to collect enough subscriptions to keep the Society solvent was a thankless and somewhat unpleasant task. He has edited six volumes and is at present engaged upon another. The records with which his name is particularly associated are the 'Books of Examinations and Depositions', 1601-1634, very important documents, of which the Historical Manuscripts Commission Report says: 'The historian of England's maritime interests desirous of producing a complete narrative of the exploits of those who were concerned in the first settlement and maintenance of our plantations in the West Indies and the mainland of North America, should seek access to these books'. Here may be found many thrilling stories of adventures at sea, a subject with which Mr. Anderson's naval knowledge and experience especially fit him to deal, and his introductions and explanatory notes heighten the interest of the books. Mr. Anderson has also edited 'Letters of the 15th and 16th Centuries' and the 'Assize of Bread Book', a short but instructive volume concerned with the weighing of bread, receipts from the wool trade, and municipal expenditure generally.

The Society's latest publications are 'The Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Captain Thomas Stockwell of St. Mary's near the Town of Southampton'. These have been edited by Dr. J. Rutherford, M.A., Lecturer in History at University College, a new worker gratefully welcomed by the General Editor, who had shared the responsibility of providing publications for the preceding six years.

It will be apparent from a cursory glance at the catalogue that members of University College staff have contributed largely to the issue of the Society's volumes. In addition to those already mentioned, the late Professor Masom, M.A., compiled a valuable glossary and philological notes for the Court Leet series. Miss E. R. Aubrey transcribed and edited Speed's 'History of Southampton' and wrote an introduction and notes to the earliest books of Examinations and Depositions which were transcribed by Miss G. H. Hamilton. In fact, of the thirty-three volumes published up to

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date, members of the College staff have been responsible for sixteen. Also two Principals have helped the Society by acting as Chairman of Committee, the late Dr. Alex Hill from 1925 until his death in 1929, when the present Principal, Mr. K. H. Vickers, M.A., succeeded him. Before then, the office had been held by the late Sir Henry Milner White, LL.D., and the Rev. Canon Lovett, M.A.

The Record Society has known vicissitudes. During the War it received a blow from which it has not yet recovered. Until 1913 it could count upon the support of over 100 patrons and it was able to issue two volumes each year, but the increase in the cost of production necessitated a reduction to one, and in 1918 it was impossible to produce even one. In 1911 the printer's bill for a book of average size was £53, in 1931 it had risen to £152. The prospect is not reassuring, for it frequently happens that the cost of a volume has to be met partly from the subscriptions of the following year.

It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that the prophet has no honour in his own country, but the fact remains that of the present subscribers one-third only are Southampton residents. The main support comes from the university and municipal libraries of other towns, not only in Great Britain but also in the Colonies and United States. Without the Borough Council's generous donation of £50 per annum, the size of the volumes would of necessity be even smaller than at present. Yet these records are a storehouse of information on the past life of the town as well as on matters of wide historical interest. Writers of pamphlets and articles on local history are largely indebted to them for the subject matter, and the various pageants which have been produced here, from the most successful one, written by Canon Lovett in 1914, onwards, have drawn upon them for incidents and details nowhere else to be found.

In the muniment room of the Civic Centre there still remains an almost inexhaustible supply of material well worth the labour of transcribing and cost of printing, and the Committee earnestly hope that a sufficient numbers of editors and subscribers will be forthcoming so that the continuance of the work may be assured.

E. R. AUBREY.

THE desire to see strange lands and to penetrate unknown regions is supposed to be characteristic of our race. There is no doubt that it was a powerful motive affecting the party of eighteen undergraduates, lecturers and R.E. officers who left Newcastle for Norway on the 27th June, 1933, en route for Spitsbergen. This land belongs to the Norwegians, by whom it is now called Svalbard, and lies about 1800 miles north of London, and 600 south of the Pole. It consists of an archipelago of which the largest island is West Spitsbergen, about the size of Ireland, rugged, mountainous, barren and with no settlements except two coal mines at Green Harbour and Advent Bay worked by the Russians and Norwegians respectively. There are in addition about a dozen trappers who live in isolated huts built on the edges of some of the fjords. The coasts are beset by pack ice in the winter, but are usually open to navigation in the summer.

The objects of the Expedition, which was organised by the Oxford Exploration Club, were to sledge across and map a hitherto untraversed portion of the ice plateau which covers a large area in West Spitsbergen, to explore and map a long fjord extending from the North inland about 60 miles (Wijde Fjord) and to survey and map in some detail the unknown interior of Dickson Land. In addition to the mapping, geological observations were to be made, and systematic work was to be done on the habits of the birds and on the marine life near the base camp. These objects were achieved with considerable success, as the duration of the stay enabled the various parties to devote more time to their work than is usually the case with summer expeditions. University College was represented by Mr. F. C. Stott, as marine biologist, and the writer—who acted as second in command of the Expedition and was in charge of the base party—as surveyor.

On arriving at Bergen after a somewhat uneasy passage across the North Sea, the whole Expedition, including the gear and provisions—sledges, skis, sleeping bags, ice axes, boots, crampons, spare clothing, and cases of pemmican, oats, chocolate, sugar, flour, etc.—transhipped itself across the quay to the Coast Steamer *Irma*, and enjoyed a quiet four day trip north through the fjords to Tromsø. This town is the starting point for most expeditions to the North

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via Spitsbergen or Franz Joseph Land, and lies on the shore of an almost land-locked fjord, where sealing and whaling sloops and fishing boats of all sizes may lie in safety. Its gaily-painted wooden houses, the birch-clad slopes of the mountains and the Lapps in their brilliant scarlet, blue and yellow embroidered clothing cause it to be one of the most picturesque of the Norwegian coast towns. Again the Expedition transferred its quarters, this time to the Norwegian sealer *Isbjorn*, a bluff-bowed strongly-timbered motor vessel about 100 feet long, ketch-rigged with forestaysail and trysail on the main mast, and gaff mizen, cut away stem and round bilges for dealing with pack ice, and the usual 'crows nest' look-out at the masthead. The crew berthed in the forecastle where half the Expedition were also accommodated, the other half occupying an after cabin. Expedition gear was stowed in the hold after a final anxious checking by the leader, and without further delay the ship hoisted a Union Jack, turned her bows north and commenced to chug her way at 8 knots out of the long fjord into the grey wastes of the Arctic Ocean. For nearly five days she progressed monotonously, steadied a little but not helped by her sails, and rolled ceaselessly and with maddening persistence. The inevitable effects occurred, and it was a rather pale and washed-out band which gazed languidly one morning at a grey, inhospitable and rocky coastline, with its memories of Henry Hudson and the 17th and 18th century whalers; the sharp tops of the mountains which give Spitsbergen its name completely cut off by a level line of cloud (a phenomenon which was to be noted later with disgusting frequency by the Surveyors). A stop of a few hours was made at the Norwegian coal mine of Advent Bay at 2 a.m.—the sun shining brightly; and the boat then proceeded another 40 miles to the head of Ice Fjord where the base party were to establish their headquarters in a hut which had been erected some years before for mining prospectors. The somewhat arduous task of landing the base party's gear, instruments, and food, in shore boats occupied a few hours, and the *Isbjorn* turned and made her way again down the Fjord, taking with her ten members of the Expedition who were to be landed at the extreme north of the Island with sledges, tents and provisions, their intention being to make their way in three parties about 90 miles south to the base headquarters. This, it may here be said, was successfully accomplished in about nine weeks, but as the writer had no personal experience of their adventures it is not proposed to describe them in this article.





CANYON, SOUTH DICKSON LAND.



SNOW TUNNEL, DICKSON LAND.



OBSERVING FOR AZIMUTH.



PREPARING FOR A GLACIER TRAVERSE.



The base party had now to organise itself for a long stay. The amount of work involved was considerable. Food, including emergency rations for a possibly enforced longer stay, had to be stacked and checked. Household routine had to be established—no light task with enthusiastic undergraduates who lacked either the training or proclivities of housemaids and cooks. Sleeping quarters were allotted, the more unpleasant tasks distributed by rota, and soon every member was working and sleeping about 26 hours each day—oiling and waxing skis, devising sledge lashings, hunting seals and eider duck, overhauling survey gear, rigging one of the two whale boats and fitting an outboard motor to the other, setting up the station barometer and thermometers, taking azimuth observations to obtain true north and compass variation and establishing a triangulation to serve as a base for the survey of Dickson Land to the west. There was no darkness; the sun simply circled round overhead with little alteration in brightness until the middle of August, and consequently it was found that the 26-hour day was gradually pushing breakfast into the afternoon. The air was pleasantly cool—like an English March—and the party slept like logs. After a week or two the marine biologist commenced his task of trawling with the motor boat and started to perform his magic with glass jars and tubes in a corner of the mess room jealously reserved for this purpose. The wireless expert announced that he could get no reply from the sledge parties, who were carrying portable sets and were presumably by this time sending signals at the agreed time. It was too early, however, to feel any great anxiety, but the apparent cessation of replies from the powerful station at Advent Bay only 40 miles away—although European stations could be heard—was rather more alarming and pointed to a serious defect in our transmitting apparatus. At the same time the two geologists made a determined effort to reach a much-desired locality for their investigations at the head of Sassen Fjord, about 30 miles away, in the motor whaleboat. It was found, however, that she would not safely face the heavy seas which came in from the open ocean, and they had to return. This was a serious disappointment, and it was determined to try again in the other whaleboat, which was thereupon jury-rigged with a small jib and standing lug mainsail and mizzen. To do this every scrap of spare canvas, rope and even string had to be commandeered, and in the absence of detachable pintles a rudder was constructed with a drop shutter which could be raised when the boat was beached. As

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Sassen Fjord lay on the route to Advent Bay, it was decided to attempt to transport the geologists first to their hunting ground, proceed to the Norwegian coal station at Advent Bay, pick up a charged accumulator cell for the wireless gear and return direct to the Base Camp. The two geologists and the writer accordingly embarked in the whale boat and rowed down the Fjord in a dead calm to a shingle spit 15 miles away, where camp was made for the night. Next morning a fresh breeze sprang up, and after a hard pull for a couple of miles the cape at Gipps Hook—with an ominous line of spouting breakers fringing it—was weathered, and the whale-boat surged ahead under sail with the wind on the quarter, under-bowing the tide to the head of Sassen Fjord 12 miles away. This was the starting point for the geologists, who were to remain a fortnight exploring the neighbouring mountains. The next morning the writer set sail and after three days' struggle reached the Norwegian settlement safely, where he was welcomed as one who had dropped from the skies. The wireless trouble was found to be due simply to a misunderstanding as to the arranged times of listening-in. This was rectified, the accumulator cell was put on board, and a 10-hour run with a strong breeze aft brought the boat back to headquarters after an absence of six days, during which 110 miles had been covered, and with no damage to the boat beyond the loss of the rudder at the last landing owing to floating ice. A week later a crew of three brought the geologists back in four days; their specimens, which were heavy, being left near the shore to be picked up by the ship's boat on the return of the Expedition to Norway.

While this was occurring, the ornithologists and marine biologist had established a subsidiary base at a hut about six miles from headquarters, which was provisioned from time to time from the main dump, by motor boat. The advantage of the new base lay in the fact that it was near the face of the famous Nordenskjöld glacier which here terminates in the sea as a vertical ice cliff about 60 ft. high. From time to time large blocks of ice broke away with a noise like thunder and plunged into the bay, forming icebergs which were for the most part of a vivid cerulean blue deepening to ultramarine in the shadows. Their size above water was about that of a house, and after a few days' weathering they assumed most fantastic shapes. At one spot in the ice cliff a large stream of fresh water issued from the arched recesses of an ice cave, and provided an interesting problem for the biologist as well as an attraction for thousands of gulls,

fulmar petrels, puffins, and terns. Seals were fairly common, and with eider duck and ptarmigan provided a very welcome addition to the rations. On the return of the geologists from Sassen Fjord they and the writer formed a party to carry out the projected survey of Dickson Land, lying to the North and West of the base camp. This was accomplished in three separate trips of about ten days each. The first view of this 'promised' land had been obtained a few weeks earlier from the shoulder of Mount Pyramid, which rises 3,000 ft. from the sea ; and it showed a confused and dismaying mass of black peaks rising from snow fields, rocks, valleys and glaciers in an inextricable confusion and apparently stretching as far as the North Pole. Theodolite angles were taken on this occasion to the most conspicuous peaks, and the bearings so obtained were found to be of value afterwards in adjusting the plane table survey. Ordinary triangulation was found to be impracticable, principally owing to the fact that it was impossible to 'beacon' the mountains, *i.e.*, to erect conspicuous marks which could be observed from every direction, without great expenditure of time and labour, and to the fact that they were rarely free from cloud caps. It became necessary, therefore, to traverse with compass or plane table and aneroid ; and as sledges were useless on account of the rocky valleys, everything had to be back-packed. Food was restricted to 1½ lbs. per man per day—pemmican, oats, sugar, margarine, chocolate and biscuit—and equipment was cut down to a minimum—an improvised plane table being used, weighing 6½ lbs. with tripod as compared with 23 lbs. for the regulation article. Packs weighed between 50 and 60 lbs., including food, sleeping bags, survey gear, a two-man tent for the geologists, a one-man tent for the writer, who was responsible for the survey ; ice axes, and rope. The conditions were Alpine rather than Arctic, and the writer, who had flattered himself that previous experience of this kind of thing in Canada would show him what to expect, was soon undeceived. The physical labour was intense, the going as rough as it is possible to conceive—rocks, scree, ice, crevasses, snow slopes—and the food ration left the party perpetually hungry. On the other hand there was a certain excitement in traversing country which was quite unknown, and pleasure in the sense of comradeship and the effect of the wild scenery, the mountain peaks gloomy and menacing, or tipped with red and gold in the rays of the setting sun ; the sight of occasional patches, in the lower valleys, of brilliant and tender flowers, or of the wild geese preparing for their Autumn flight

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southward, some no doubt with memories of the quiet reed-fringed creeks of the Solent ; and the silence and loneliness at times affected the emotions most profoundly.

On the first trip the famous and elusive Mount Citadel which had been reported by several explorers previously was located, mapped and climbed, and the only low level pass across Dickson Land was discovered, together with two new lakes. On the return, after a few days' rest to make up for the short food rations, a second trip was made to survey central Dickson Land, and subsequently on a third trip South Dickson Land was traversed. In all about 300 square miles of territory were examined and mapped. There were no trees or shrubs and only a small amount of moss and sedges in the warmer valleys. The glaciers were crevassed and the party had often to be roped as a safeguard, since many of the crevasses were completely masked by snow bridges. The usual day's routine commenced with breakfast in bed—oatmeal porridge and pemmican—at about eight, with a pocket ration of four small biscuits and four ounces of chocolate for lunch (of which one became maddeningly conscious at about 10.30), then supper in bed at about six—pemmican and oatmeal porridge—the working up of survey and geological notes, the practice of a little Couéism with regard to the inadequate rations, and ten hours' sleep.

While these surveys, which occupied about five weeks, were being made, those members of the base party who were not engaged on observations made several sledge journeys up to the ice cap which lay on the route of the other sledge parties, who were, it was hoped, gradually making their way south to the base hut. Depots of provisions and directions as to the best route were left in suitable spots, marked with stone cairns and flags. When the survey party returned to the base from South Dickson Land late in September, they found to their great relief that all the parties had returned safely and in good health, with a record of work achieved only marred by the persistent mist which had seriously hampered the surveyors, and by the breakdown of the sound depth ranging apparatus which was intended to be used for finding the thickness of the ice cap and so determining the actual land heights—a difficult matter where the consolidated snow or névé is very thick.

The whole party of eighteen were thus reassembled and after a short interval of troublesome mutual recognition, since many remarkable beards had grown in the interval, they swapped yarns and looked

forward to the arrival of the *Isbjorn* on the date arranged. The wind, however, rose and westerly gales raged for some days, delaying her about a week. However, she appeared at last, after the remaining cartridges had been anxiously counted, and the return voyage was made without mishap, the party arriving at Newcastle on the 2nd October, 1933.

E. E. MANN.



### THE VENAL MUSE

From the French of Baudelaire

by V. DE SOLA PINTO

**L**OVER of palaces, Muse of my heart, O sweet,  
 When January unbinds the full force of his blast,  
 And the long boredom of the frosty nights shall last,  
 Will you have fire to toast your two poor violet feet,  
 Or warm your marble shoulders when the cold winds beat  
 Against your shutters, and the snow is falling fast?  
 Empty as dreams of palaces your purse, aghast  
 You'll find for in blue heaven what riches can you meet?  
 And every night for bread a censor you must swing,  
 And like a chorister mechanically sing  
 (Tho' you believe no more) the ancient liturgy,  
 Or like a starving tumbler, must display your proud  
 Loveliness in the street to amuse the gaping crowd,  
 And laugh to hide the bitter tears that none may see.

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PETER STERRY: PLATONIST AND PURITAN, 1613-1672. A Biographical and Critical Study with Passages Selected from his Writings. By VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. *Cambridge University Press*. 12/6.

'They are reserved for the glory and triumph of another day'. So, in an exalted strain, wrote Jeremiah White of those 'divinest births and appearances of God in this lower world' which, like Peter Sterry, may seem to have failed of all effect and to have passed into oblivion. Jeremiah White, the editor of one of Sterry's posthumous works, intended his words in a celestial meaning; and indeed his editorial devotion seems to have done little to promote his master's influence. But it is difficult to-day not to give his words an earthly meaning too, now that, after 250 years, Peter Sterry has attracted the devotion of another editor, more self-effacing, but not less enthusiastic, and much more judicious and understanding. Surely now at last the 'glory' (the word is hardly too strong) of Peter Sterry's day on earth may begin. Not perhaps the glory Sterry himself might have looked for: not in philosophy or theology scarcely in the world of practical religion: but surely at least in the world of literature.

The times are much more favourable to-day than they were thirty years ago. When, in 1901, Campagnac published 'The Cambridge Platonists', a volume of select passages, 'The Academy' began its review with the words, 'This is in the nature of a disinterment'. Was it worth while, the reviewer asked, to dig up the remains of such obscure persons as Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, and Nathanael Culverwell? And he came to the conclusion, quite decidedly but very coolly, that on the whole it was. Interest in the thought and spirit of the seventeenth century is a good deal more lively nowadays. The importance of the Cambridge Platonists is pretty generally acknowledged, and at least their names are known. But who, up to now, has known the name of Peter Sterry? Only a few students, and those who remember its fleeting mention in political history, and (most especially) those who have read Dr. F. J. Powicke's essay, which we regard as the dawn of Sterry's new day now, with the publication of Professor Pinto's book, risen into bright morning. Yet Sterry, in spite of important differences, clearly belongs to Cambridge Platonism; and if, as I believe, that noble movement, apart from its well-recognised service to the causes of rationalism and toleration, has more to say to our age than to any other since its own, that is even truer of Sterry than of the rest: Dr. Pinto has finely indicated his affinities with, for instance, the thought and feeling we find most vital in Wordsworth and Blake. Moreover, in some respects, Sterry's mind was the most splendid in the whole group of the Cambridge Platonists; for a time, he had a great public position, and what was, for the most part, with them a cloistral virtue—their teaching of toleration—he brought grandly and boldly into the midst of national affairs. Why then did his name and reputation sink so deep into oblivion? For one thing, because his writings were hard to come by. For another, because his very eminence in political life drew on him the contemptuous slanders of many enemies: and these fastened on him a reputation which seemed to sort well with the place he had held in the Commonwealth. He had been one of Oliver Cromwell's chaplains: what more likely then that his sermons were a rant of blasphemy and nonsense, as



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his enemies said? It is all too easy to dismiss him as the subject of Baxter's brilliant witticism, which called his association with Sir Harry Vane a happy conjunction of of Vanity and Sterility.

Never was a hostile reputation more grotesquely false. But there was this further difficulty in setting it right. Sterry's sermons are not good as sermons. The form did not suit his lyrical, expatiating genius. It was the only form available to him in his profession; but to invite readers to appreciate his genius as he himself displayed it would be to invite them to a task in which the labour might seem likely to outweigh the reward. As a rule, collections of excerpts from a great writer are not to be commended. But in this case a liberal collection of excerpts was the only possible way of fairly and adequately exhibiting Sterry's peculiar quality; and what we must commend here is Professor Pinto's courageous wisdom in perceiving this and undertaking to carry it out. But at this point we must let him speak for himself:

'The natural form in which (Sterry's) writing tends to crystallize is that of the short prose poem or meditation, consisting of a vivid presentation of one or more images followed by an interpretation in a spiritual or religious sense, or conversely the enunciation of a spiritual truth followed by imagery that illustrates and embodies it. The present selection is an attempt to detach a number of these prose poems from cumbrous archaic settings which have little interest for the modern reader, and to arrange them in a sequence that is designed to illustrate the main features of Sterry's doctrine. It will be noticed that the extracts are generally complete in themselves, and can be understood and appreciated without reference to their context. They are simply prose counterparts of the poems of such men as Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan and Traherne, and, if they had been cast in verse form, would no doubt have had the same reputation'.

Thus Peter Sterry is at last restored to English Literature, his genius no longer encumbered by conventions and conditions as unnecessary to it as they were unnatural. And not merely restored; a large part of him now enters into English literature for the first time. Professor Pinto's labours have been to survey, besides Sterry's published work, a mass of manuscript that was never committed to print. Expressed out of the whole of his writing, therefore, what we have now is the living substance of Sterry's mind and art. It has been a great task, greatly performed; which required much more than unwavering industry. The introductory study of the man and his time testifies to Dr. Pinto's quality as a critic: it illuminates much else besides Sterry himself and the Cambridge Platonists—*e.g.*, the 'Puritanism' of the early Milton. But this fine critical power is equally shown in the choice and arrangement of the selections. I do not know that there is any work in recent literature for which I feel as grateful as I do for this.

When Sterry lived and wrote, the great work of the seventeenth century—the analysis of human faculty—was still far from complete, and very far from being generally effective. In Sterry's mind, as in so many others of that fervid time (reminding us in this respect of Pre-Socratic Hellenism), religion, poetry and philosophy were indistinguishable. To him it was equally natural to utter his spirit in religious feeling, in poetic imagery and language, in intellectual idea. All this we have in Dr. Pinto's selection. The feeling is profound and glowing; the imagery exquisite and the language of the most memorable; the ideas have a strangely

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penetrating force. Of the whole triple alliance in Sterry's writing we may say what the great Greek critic said of Sublimity itself: 'it strikes like a thunderbolt and carries everything before it'. What then do we miss by reading him in excerpts? We miss his systematic exposition. Now of the three main faculties by which Sterry expressed himself, the one that suffered most from the contamination of the other two was his philosophy. The contradictions in it were radical and irremediable. As a Calvinistic Independent, he was a determinist; and here, says Dr. Pinto, he was more logical than Milton. I doubt this. Both Fixed Fate and Free Will lead to self-contradicting conclusions; but Milton seems to me much less glaringly illogical than Sterry. Again, Sterry cheerfully combined Spinozistic immanence with Platonic idealism, but the two doctrines cancel each other out. The truth is, that systematic exposition was alien to Sterry's nature. The unity of his mind could never be an intellectual unity. It was the unity of (in his own splendid phrase) a *Seminal Infiniteness*. Sterry was a mystic, in the true sense that he lived in belief in his own spiritual experience of reality, an experience transcending sense and reason: the 'apex' of his soul reached up to touch the Divine. But to communicate what he drew from that supreme contact, he laid hold of everything—images, feelings, ideas—his mortal mind could provide him with, neither heeding nor needing philosophical consistency. He was so profoundly aware of the spiritual, the mystical unity of his life, that he probably did not notice the logical incoherence in his doctrine. Dr. Powicke speaks of him as 'a mystic striving for expression through an intractable mass of conventional formulae'; but in this strife for expression, his own infinitely lively thought was equally intractable to logic. Nor would that have mattered, if he had been content to be logical, and had not attempted the (for him) spurious unity of a system. One of his most vital notions was his conception of unity: for him, as for Wordsworth, there was no real unity without variety. Sterry works this into a sublime idea of Sin; but certainly his own mind gloriously fulfilled his demand for variety in unity. Now it is just here that Dr. Pinto's chief service to Sterry comes in. As we read his selection, we become aware of the real, the essential unity of Sterry's life. But the variety of its expression is a wealth altogether astonishing. Immense learning, acute and vivid intellection, continual joy in nature and art and all sorts of sensuous and mental delight; and every moment of it informed with that unifying *seminal infiniteness* he drew from the 'apex' of his soul. 'Please thyself to be full with every Content. Only let it be no Cloud to cut off; but a *Christal* to take in the Divine Glory, that this may be thine and flame in them'. Let that noble piece of advice serve as a brief specimen of Peter Sterry's quality; it will serve, too, as the best account I can give of the nature of his meditations. Thanks to Dr. Pinto—let that never be forgotten—an admirable poet now makes his entry into English literature.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

ANGLO-SAXON INFLUENCE ON WESTERN CHRISTENDOM. By S. J. CRAWFORD. vi + 109 pp. *Oxford University Press*, 1933. 5/-.

This neat little volume contains the three public lectures delivered by Dr. Samuel John Crawford at University College, London, in the spring of 1931, within a few months of his saying farewell to Southampton and within less than a year of his untimely death at Edinburgh. For nine years, from 1922 to 1931, Crawford held the

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Lectureship in English Language and Philology at University College, Southampton, and during that period, in addition to heavy teaching and administrative duties, he found time to make solid contributions to learning which brought him world-wide fame. Previously he had made a name by his edition of the *Exameron Anglice* in the *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Prosa* (1921). While at Southampton, he completed his editions of *The Old English Version of the Heptateuch* for the Early English Text Society (1922), of *The Old English Gospel of Nicodemus* for Sir William Craigie's *Awle Reale Series* (1927), and, again for the Early English Text Society, he produced his monumental edition of *Byrhtferth's Manual*, with introduction, translation and commentary (1929), an important piece of work long overdue. But Crawford was far more than a competent editor of Old English texts, and far more than a comparative philologist. He was a well-trained classical scholar. He was deeply read in patristic literature. He had an inexhaustible knowledge of Anglo-Saxon England. To quote Professor Raymond Wilson Chambers, himself the highest authority, who has graciously contributed the Preface to this volume: 'Upon the whole of the Anglo-Saxon period, but above all upon the age of St. Boniface, the knowledge of Dr. Crawford was unrivalled, and these lectures will be invaluable to all who wish to understand either the literature or the history of the Dark Ages. Those who had the advantage of hearing the lectures delivered will agree that they embody solid scholarship which will render them indispensable for many years to come'. And those who heard these lectures, and were acquainted beforehand with the lecturer's fine scholarship, hoped that now the time had come when he would pass on from arduous and meticulous textual exegesis to some larger and more venturesome study of our ancient civilization and culture. These lectures were, it seemed, the fair pledges of something greater to come. In vivid and concise form they presented some of the thoughts which must have been at the back of the author's mind for years.

In the opening lecture a masterly survey is made of the position of the Latin Church in Europe at the time of the Roman mission to this country, and then the main thesis is stated, namely, that the subsequent development of Europe depended largely on decisions made in Anglo-Saxon England between A.D. 600 and 800. To European civilization Anglo-Saxon England made two contributions of enduring value: the missionary expeditions of the Anglo-Saxon Church to Friesland and Germany, and the revival of learning under Alfred of Wessex. The last has been universally recognized, but the Anglo-Saxon missions have not been duly appraised. Rome, and to a lesser degree the Celtic Church, gave England of their best and then, in a dark age ensuing, England gave to Rome and Europe more than she had ever received. England became Rome's surest support. The conversion of the Frisians was mainly the work of members of the Church of Northumbria. Wessex sent missionaries to Central Germany. The Anglo-Saxon Church really paved the way in Europe for the Holy Roman Empire. Most interesting is the well-documented account of the part played by the Anglo-Saxons in the preservation and transmission of the culture of the ancient world to medieval and modern times. The School of Canterbury, founded by Archbishop Theodore, Benedict Biscop and Abbot Hadrian, produced great scholars like Aldhelm of Malmesbury, John of Beverley, Otfor of Worcester, and Tobias of Rochester. Learning in Northumbria brought forth the Venerable Bede of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and Alcuin of York. By Alcuin the Anglo-Saxon tradition was passed to Hrabanus Maurus of Fulda, and from Hrabanus

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to Wallafrid Strabo and Heric of Auxerre, who, in his turn, was one of the most famous teachers of the early schools at Rheims and Paris.

On laying aside these lectures which contain so much that is precious, so much that has never been so well said before, one cannot help yielding to a sense of poignant sorrow and regret that their author has so soon finished his course. As Mark Pattison used to say, a man can hardly hope to master the technique of learning before the age of forty years. Crawford was forty-four when he died. Why did the blind Fury come so early to slit the thin-spun life of him who might have proceeded with ease to tasks of mature scholarship?

SIMEON POTTER.

THE STOCKWELL PAPERS. Transcribed, edited and annotated with Introductions by J. RUTHERFORD, M.A., Ph. D.

Sir Oliver Lambert, a considerable landowner in Southampton and a soldier of some fame, had appointed as his bailiff to his property around St. Mary's one Capt. Thomas Stockwell. After the lapse of a year, in 1598, he is harrying the Spaniards in his little ship, the 'Welcome'. The following year he is entrusted with the more important task of keeping a watchful eye upon the Invisible Armada. This was an armament of over 100 ships collected by Philip III of Spain to avenge the defeat of the first or Invincible Armada. After an interval of five years, Capt. Stockwell resumed his duties as bailiff of St. Mary's, to which was added the estate of Townhill.

This is the man whose correspondence has been so ably dealt with by Dr. Rutherford. The majority of the letters are from Anthony Antony, Sir Oliver's London agent. He seems to be an educated and witty man, who goodnaturedly teased Stockwell on his fondness for a Mrs. Perry, whose name he humorously links with that of the rival of cider. It is very interesting to compare his letters with those of Sir Oliver and Lady Hester Lambert. The spelling of these last is to say the least eccentric. But in both there is considerable humour and kindly sympathy. To quote just one extract from Lady Hester. 'good stockewall. I cannot but greve to repete, the loss of my onist frend your wife, which next your selfe and childeren have the gretest lose. We are the lordes and to retourne at his pleasur and I am asured god will give a blessing to hur babes that had so onist a mother'.

An interesting point in these letters is the extreme plainness of speech. A spade is called a spade, and the higher the position of the correspondent, the more plain-spoken is he or she. Modesty seems to be of little account; in fact, the meaning of the word was hardly known.

Those who have had experience in transcribing manuscripts of these Elizabethan days must be filled with admiration at the untiring and dogged labours of Dr. Rutherford. The copious notes prove the amount of patient delving into the records of the British Museum and the Record Office to have been enormous. Often it seems to me in these cases that the notes are more interesting than the text and they are certainly a test of scholarship. Dr. Rutherford has enhanced his reputation here. The points dealt with in the introduction are full of interest. To those of us engaged in research work the question of what to discuss in this section of the work is most intriguing. After writing notices of such evident topics as brief accounts of Stockwell, Sir Oliver and Lady Hester Lambert, the editor goes on to discuss Prices and Wages and the Accounts of the two Estates. All these chapters are full of interest.

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If one might dare criticize a work of such outstanding erudition, one might select two points. First, a glossary would be most valuable. There are obsolete words, and those whose meanings have been changed in the three centuries that have elapsed since they were written. Opening the volumes at random, I came across such words as (1) braggies, formore, bolecuse, (2) douse, coddle. I know this is a difficult point, because words may appear obsolete only because of their quaint spelling. Secondly, in dealing with Prices and Wages, we must not forget that the unit of coinage was the penny, a silver coin which contained about one quarter of the silver of a modern shilling. Hence the penny was worth threepence to start with.

In conclusion congratulations are due to Dr. Rutherford for producing a work of such learning, a work which will increase not only his own reputation but will redound to the glory of the University College of which he is no mean member.

H. J. GIDDEN.

RAINER MARIA RILKE. Poems translated from the German by J. B. LEISHMAN.  
Published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press. 3/6.

Mr. Leishman's selection, which has been published in a very pleasant form by a firm that has already done much to encourage an interest for Rilke in England by the publication of translations of his Duinese Elegies and the Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge, will probably give many readers who are unacquainted with German their first real opportunity of obtaining a fuller idea of Rilke's art. Few of Rilke's poems have appeared in English before, and Mr. Leishman has included some of Rilke's best work from the 'Frühe Gedichte', 'Buch der Bilder', 'Neue Gedichte', and 'Letzte Gedichte und Fragmentarisches'. They are therefore representative of Rilke's early and later activity in the field of poetry. One or two of these translations will already be known to readers of *Wessex*, although Mr. Leishman has revised them for the present edition. In a prefatory note the translator has given a few details about the poet's life and for the convenience of those readers who might like to compare the original with the translations the German titles as well as the English have been given in the table of contents.

It is no easy task to attempt a translation of any of these poems. Rilke has revealed in his poetry an astonishing mastery of the subtleties of the German language and verse form that would require all the skill at the command of any translator to reproduce successfully in another language. Rilke sees objects from an angle that is new for anyone who approaches his poetry for the first time, and it requires a decided effort to accustom oneself to the unusualness of his conception and the image he uses to convey it—an effort, by the way, that has to be made by the native as well as by the foreigner. In addition, Rilke does not necessarily cling to the sense usually associated with a word, but tries to bring out new meanings and to perceive new beauty in it that after skilful arrangement in a verse shall become as clear to the reader as to the poet.

Mr. Leishman has proved that he has understood well Rilke's individuality and how to embody it in his translations. Not only has he produced an accurate translation of the sense of the poems, but he has also reproduced with great felicity that art with which Rilke creates his striking effects: the lovely rhythms of the German, the delightful use of alliteration, the surprising new combination of words with their



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characteristic pregnancy of meaning, the unusual imagery of his verse, and that peculiar pensive mood that pervades all Rilke's poetry. An examination of the original with the translation shows that Mr. Leishman is well aware of the differences in the character of the two languages: the necessity sometimes of using words with a concrete meaning in English where the German can be more abstract, the lack of inflexions and endings of English words compared with German necessitating the occasional addition of some descriptive word in order to preserve the metre of the original, and all the requirements of English idiom; but this has not hindered Mr. Leishman in his aim of preserving intact the totality of the impressions he has gained from a study of Rilke's poetry. The accuracy and closeness of the translation in general is disturbed perhaps by an occasional line that one feels is too free a paraphrase of the German and could have been rendered closer without any sacrifice of beauty. It is a pity, too, that certain poems were not placed together as in the original: 'Music' and 'The Angels' in particular, both of which are pervaded by such a beautiful sense of music. It was Schleiermacher who said: 'The translation must sound like something quite new to the reader and must enable him to recognise on deeper penetration and contemplation the foreign nationality, epoch and species, indeed, the individuality of the author himself'. A careful comparison of the English version with the German will show that Mr. Leishman has succeeded in fulfilling these demands.

WILFRID IRVINE LUCAS.

WORK AND WEALTH IN A MODERN PORT, by PERCY FORD, Ph.D., B.Sc. (Econ.). *George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.* Pp. 223, 2 maps. 10/6; local edition, 6/- net.

Dr. Percy Ford, who has previously made a big contribution to our knowledge of Southampton by his editorship of the Civic Survey, gives us in this volume the results of a series of inquiries which he has made into the welfare of the inhabitants of the town and into the economic forces shaping it. He writes over modestly when in his Preface he speaks of it as a contribution to our knowledge of poverty, for actually his theme is a good deal wider than that.

The first chapter is a very interesting historical account of the way in which the Corporation, by steps taken at various times between 1830 and 1924, allowed the alienation of its foreshore. The chapter also points out that the majority of big industries in the town to-day are either non-local in origin or non-locally controlled.

'Southampton is a rationalized town. The significance of this for our present study is that the town presents a sharp contrast to such a port as Newcastle, where many local men have built up large businesses and fortunes on exporting, shipping and manufacturing. Most of Southampton's fortunes are derived from sources found in and around any large town, such as retail distribution, building and estate development, and in consequence it shows a smaller proportion of very large and large fortunes than in other ports where manufacturing or import and export houses run by local men are more prominent. In the sense here implied, Southampton is a gate for traffic and wealth, rather than a point of its origination'.

Chapter III makes it clear that Southampton is a low-wage town with a rather small range of occupations. Shipping, dock labour, shipbuilding and ship repairing



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are the three great industries of the town. And employment in all of them is at all times precarious. Dr. Ford devotes his fourth chapter to a very careful examination of the labour market. Could anything be done by pooling schemes to reduce the volume of under-employment? He thinks that it would be worth while making the attempt in a period of increasing trade. All those who know the evils of casual labour and the difficulties of de-casualisation would wish to see the experiment, but they would not be sanguine as to its success.

Chapter V brings us to the heart of the book; an attempt to measure the amount and intensity of poverty among the inhabitants of Southampton. In the main Dr. Ford followed the well-known methods of Professor Bowley; and his results may therefore be compared, though too much stress must not be placed upon the comparison, with those which Professor Bowley found in five towns in 1924. Dr. Ford found that of a random sample of 559 families there were 120 families, or 21 per cent. of the total, which fell below his poverty line. This is a very high proportion; none of Professor Bowley's five towns showed a worse figure than 10.3 per cent. But that was in 1924. The Survey of Liverpool, conducted on similar lines, showed 17.3 per cent. of families in primary poverty in 1929. The Southampton figure is very distressing, and indicates a situation needing careful consideration.

One of the most interesting tables in the book is that showing the extent to which family income in a working-class population to-day is drawn from social sources, *i.e.*, from funds provided by or organized by the community. Forty-seven per cent. of all the families included in the sample, 81 per cent. of the families below the poverty line, were drawing social income. If it were not for social income, of which unemployment benefit and old age pension were the chief types, a much larger proportion of the sample of families would have been under the poverty line.

Of the families in primary poverty just under two-thirds were in that condition because of the unemployment of the head of the house. The figure witnesses to two things: to the extent to which the community has in recent years made provision against such contingencies as sickness and old age, which a generation ago would have bulked heavily in the account; and to the gravity of unemployment, and the comparatively small extent to which we have so far been able to neutralize its results.

There is much else in the book which citizens of Southampton, and not only they, will study with profit; it is indeed a quarry of material for the sociologist.

HENRY A. MESS.

THE POETRY OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. A Survey and Commentary, by E. E. PHARE (Mrs. Austin Duncan-Jones). 1933. *Cambridge University Press*. Pp. viii + 150. 6/- net.

Gerard Manley Hopkins died in 1889, the year that Francis Thompson went to the monastery at Storrington, there to write *The Hound of Heaven* and the *Ode to the Setting Sun*. Hopkins' work was not published, however, until 1918, nearly thirty years after his death, and the comparison that must inevitably be instituted between these two great Catholic poets cannot be profitably essayed unless we remember that Hopkins, the elder, had written most of his best poems before Francis Thompson was out of his teens.

The increasing number of Hopkins' admirers will be grateful to Mrs. Duncan-Jones for her careful and always illuminating commentary on his work. She praises

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with discrimination, and censures with care. She is mindful of the fact that a poet has a right to his readers' intellect and attention, and that to criticise a poem as obscure, ambiguous or difficult without first giving to it the best effort of the undivided mind is impertinent. Even when she is most out of sympathy with some of Hopkins' poems she disarms us from the obvious retort by her frank confession of 'rather peevish fault-finding' and immediately makes the wise observation that 'the motion of accepting or rejecting a poem comes from the very quick of the will; it is rarely possible to give a wholly satisfactory account of one's reasons for doing one or the other'.

Mrs. Duncan-Jones discerns fundamental affinities between Hopkins and Crashaw and Wordsworth; she is reluctant to link him with Milton, and, in our own day, she finds some striking resemblances between Hopkins the Roman Catholic and T. S. Eliot the Anglo-Catholic poet. Both 'express the pains rather than the joys of religious experience', both practise 'a sad frankness', both 'seem to live in a world which for the Christian is very much out of joint, both seem to be Christian poets suffering from a sort of spiritual old age; . . . both poets, though for different reasons, are very tired'. It would be interesting to have Mr. Eliot's reaction to this interpretation of himself, but I cannot myself think that it is a true account of Hopkins. Nor is it possible to agree with Mrs. Duncan-Jones' endorsement of the view that Hopkins' poetry does not spring directly out of his religious vocation. Indeed, she seems to be inconsistent here, for she later admits that his poetry affords no means of distinguishing between his religion and his own inner resources. The fact is that Hopkins' poetry can only be rightly appraised and interpreted in the light of his Catholic religious faith and experience, his clear and specific vocation as a 'religious', a priest and a monk. The merely psychological interpretation of his poetry, especially the psycho-analytic attempt cited by Mrs. Duncan-Jones cannot of themselves provide the clue to work which is a spiritual record based upon dogmatic institutional religion. Hence it is regrettable to find our author saying that 'Stupidly, perhaps, we do not expect to find a Jesuit poet seeing God in Nature'. Why not? Has she forgotten Father Tabb, and Father Perry? And St. Francis Xavier, saint-poet and Jesuit, does he not see God in Nature? Mrs. Duncan-Jones, however, rightly apprehends that Hopkins 'is very conscious of the distance at which he must keep himself; the friendships which may exist between the human and the divine must never lapse into familiarity'. Precisely: for a Catholic poet familiarity with the divine is impossible: God's transcendence means so much more to him than the divine immanence. Herein Hopkins is at one with Alice Meynell, Coventry Patmore and, to a lesser degree, Francis Thompson.

Is Hopkins obscure? Is he ambiguous? Does he please? Mrs. Duncan-Jones addresses herself courageously to these questions, and her expository powers shew to great advantage in the excellent pages in which she elucidates the meaning of the more important and baffling poems. Her discussion of *The Windhover* is altogether admirable, and her own exposition of this strangely moving sonnet, frankly set, as it is, against other notable interpretations of the poem (by Dr. Richards, Mr. Empson and Mr. Herbert Read) is pre-eminently acceptable. There seems to be a slip in her regarding the line, 'And the fire that breaks from thee then', as the ninth: it is the tenth, surely. She is right, too, as compared with other commentators, in regarding Hopkins, the Hopkins of this and the other 'terrible sonnets' as an adult soul, not

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an adolescent. But she thinks these poems have no tragic, no cathartic note. That must be for each reader to determine for himself alone. And the present writer regrets that Mrs. Duncan-Jones regards *The Bugler's First Communion* as 'discordant and somehow false', for this poem, like the unfinished poem on *Two Beautiful Young People*, which she rates so highly, is the work of a priest, and only so can it be understood. The 'terrifying impersonality' to which Mrs. Duncan-Jones alludes in reference to the latter poem is indeed in many respects the clue to all Hopkins' work. The surrender required of any man or woman who literally accepts the counsels of perfection and takes the life under vows, is a surrender which is necessarily reflected in impersonality, not always, though often, terrifying.

To Hopkins as an experimentalist, a breaker of barriers, as one who works upon a stretched metre, Mrs. Duncan-Jones does full justice. It would have been interesting had she considered the relationship between his work and Browning's, and in a future edition of her very satisfying book, perhaps, she will take into account, as an additional clue to Hopkins' work, the main thesis of the Abbé Brémond's monograph on *Prayer and Poetry*? She is to be congratulated on a fine essay.

ALBERT A. COCK.

ENGLISH POETRY IN THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY, by B. IFOR EVANS. Methuen & Co., 1933. 10/6 net.

The writing of literary history is one of the most difficult of arts. When one thinks of the masses of arid and uninspired text books which profess to be surveys of periods and tendencies and which endeavour to arrange writers in schools and to relate their work to social and political history, an immense weariness descends on the spirit and one is tempted to pray that there may be no more books about books, and the souls of the mighty dead may be left in peace. But the fact that there have been many failures does not mean that the endeavour is hopeless or the task an impossible one. It must be remembered that literary history is in its infancy. Bacon was its prophet at the beginning of the seventeenth century and Johnson and Warton were its early masters. In our own time Professor Elton in his great *Surveys* has shown that the heavy hand of the pedant and the weary voice of the crammer can be banished, and that the history of literature can be sound and accurate and at the same time stimulating and delightful reading. The highest praise that can be given to the new volume by Professor Ifor Evans (formerly Professor of English at University College, Southampton, and recently appointed to the Chair of English at East London College) is that it is a worthy successor to Professor Elton's famous series, and that like Professor Elton, Professor Evans has succeeded in writing literary history which is learned, useful and interesting.

Professor Evans deals with poetry alone and his period is the second half of the nineteenth century, excluding the chief elder Victorian poets such as Tennyson, the Brownings and Matthew Arnold. He begins with a short but extremely acute and interesting survey of the poetry of the whole century, where he succeeds very notably in relating the works of the poets to the principal events in the history of nineteenth century thought, such as the controversy concerning evolution and the Oxford and aesthetic movements. One may disagree with details such as the stress laid on the importance of Byron, but it would be difficult to find a fresher, more vigorous and concise review of this fascinating and intricate subject. Nothing

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could be better than the comparison of Victorian romanticism to a 'ghostly masquerade' in which 'when all is quiet in the night . . . these poets come out and, donning their antique costumes, revive their dreams of long faded beauty'. The survey proper begins with the four great Pre-raphaelite poets, the two Rossettis, Swinburne and Morris. This is, perhaps, the least inspired part of the book. Professor Evans is fair enough to these poets, but one feels that he has no real sympathy with them, and his account lacks warmth. The best of the four studies are those of the two Rossettis. The chapters on Swinburne and Morris are less successful. It is curious that while attention is called to the influence of Keats on Swinburne no reference is made to his debts to Sappho and to Shelley. In the study of Morris, stress is rightly laid on the value of his early poems, but the author does not mention or quote the most characteristic of them all, the famous verses in *The Hollow Land*, and in the discussion of Morris's later writings one would have expected at least a reference to the unfinished socialist epic, *The Pilgrims of Hope*. It is a pity too, that in the discussion of Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*, a wholly unjust depreciation of Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult* should have been introduced.

From the Pre-raphaelites, Professor Evans passes to a group of Catholic poets consisting of Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell. The account of Patmore is one of the best things in the book, and probably the best short critical essay on Patmore which has appeared. '*The Angel in the House*', writes Professor Evans, 'as a whole constitutes such an original and daring element in the poetry of the whole century, that it may be suggested that Patmore should stand with Tennyson, Browning and Arnold as one of the major poets of the age'. The acute and sympathetic analysis of Patmore's writings and thought in this chapter should do much to help the growing recognition of Patmore as one of the great English poets. The treatment of Francis Thompson is equally penetrating and successful. This is probably the first really sane and balanced criticism of this poet which has appeared. Here he is neither overpraised as by members of the ecstatic clique of his admirers nor scoffed at in the fashionable manner of the modernists. Just as Professor Evans has raised Patmore to his rightful place among the great, so he places Thompson firmly in his niche among the minor writers who occasionally reach out to something that resembles greatness.

The excellent and all too brief chapters on Hardy and Meredith are especially notable for the stress laid on the philosophic elements in the poetry of these authors. The tenth chapter on Robert Bridges and his associates has a particular interest in view of the recent vogue of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Again in the treatment of Hopkins we find the sanity and fairness that distinguished Professor Evans's judgment of Thompson. There is profound truth in the statement that 'Little useful service can be performed to a religious poet by ignoring his defects, because one is in sympathy with his attitude'. The final judgment on Hopkins' work is characteristic of the tone of Professor Evans' criticism: 'He was led both by eccentricity and a sense of isolation to oddity and obscurity, but he gained new values for words, new impacts between the mind and experience'. The modern rhapsodists who gush over this curious late Victorian poet, and the old-fashioned critics who stigmatize his work as a mere curiosity, would do well to ponder these wise words.

The most satisfactory part of the review of the work of Bridges is that which deals with the early poems. Professor Evans seems to lack sympathy with much

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of Bridges' later work. He does not quote any example of the experiments in classical prosody and he is hardly fair to the admirable poems in the volume called *October*. The appreciation of *The Testament of Beauty* is, however, full and generous. The last chapters deal with the writers of the late 'eighties and the 'nineties. The author's general rule seems to be to exclude living authors, though it is hard to see why. Professor Housman is included and Mr. Yeats omitted. Again in the pages of *Wessex* it may be appropriate to ask why the great Wessex dialect poet, William Barnes, is barely mentioned, while the work of such a minor dialect versifier as Joseph Skipsey is treated at some length. There is a good chapter on light verse where it is refreshing to find justice done to the great and misunderstood genius of Lewis Carroll. The words on *The Hunting of the Snark* are criticism of fine quality. 'It is Swift's satire on the muddled inadequacy of the human mind carried out with a gentle comic grace which Swift might not have understood'. But the most notable study in this latter part of the book is the chapter that deals with the sombre and isolated genius of John Davidson. The analysis of Davidson's thought and the discussion of his art are fine, just, sympathetic criticism, and should help to revive interest in Davidson's very remarkable achievement in poetry.

The so-called decadents are dealt with in a concise and masterly fashion. Oscar Wilde is put in his rightful place as firmly as Francis Thompson, and one of the best images in the book is the comparison of his poetry to 'a beautified room in some over expensive boarding house with rococo decorations, classical statuary, and *objets d'art*, mingled in elaborate profusion but with little taste'. The book concludes with reviews of the minor poets such as David Gray, Sir Lewis Morris, George MacDonald and others, carried out with Professor Evan's usual lucidity and fairness. A valuable feature of these chapters and indeed of the whole work is to be found in the numerous and well chosen quotations, which give it somewhat of the character of an anthology as well as that of a critical survey. The arrangement of the notes and the very useful short bibliographies at the end of each chapter are also to be commended.

In conclusion it can be said that this is one of the few books of literary history that can be read with pleasure and profit even by those who have no examinations to pass. At the same time it will be very valuable to students who are reading for Honours in English under the new London syllabus with its extended period of literary history going up to 1880 and its special subjects, one of which is the period 1880-1914.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE, by THOMAS HARDY. Edited with Introduction and Notes by VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. Macmillan & Co., 1934. 2/6.

Here is an edition which will be welcomed by students and non-students alike. The 'Mayor of Casterbridge', an absorbing narrative of life in Dorchester a hundred years ago, and one of the best of Hardy's novels, is presented to us as a slender pocket volume, attractively bound in green and gold, and containing just that editorial matter which a thoughtful reader requires.

To the teacher of English, for whose students the edition is to be specially recommended, the 'Mayor of Casterbridge' offers excellent material. Dealing



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vividly with a bye-gone age, the book is rich in passages of any desired length which may be used as the bases of varied lessons, and made productive of discussion, oral and written. Problems of human conduct, crises in the emotional lives of men and women, instances of kindness, cruelty, jealousy, gratitude—the book teems with situations of ethical and psychological interest. No less varied is what may be called external material—descriptions of town and country, the downland, the comfortable old inns, the busy market, the appeal of Celtic and Roman remains, fascinating old houses pictured within and without, a Royal visit, travel in the days before railways; a gallery of characters, well-marked and distinctive, including the sinister old hag who discomfited the magistrate, the nineteen eligible young ladies, the immortal forty of the 'Three Mariners Inn'—this list could be extended indefinitely.

Professor Pinto gives us ten pages of interesting notes which have two features—they will satisfy the natural curiosity of the reader, and, being the product of the Editor's own researches, they are reliable. Indeed, they have the added interest of containing information acquired personally by Professor Pinto from Mrs. Hardy and others who knew the author.

Two sets of questions at the end of the book are well designed to cover the main aspects of the novel and link it with a wider regard of literature; the student need go no further than the answering of these searching tests, which are thoroughly practical. The Editor's introduction to the book places the 'Mayor of Casterbridge' in relation to the remainder of Hardy's work, and not only rounds off the interest roused by a reading of the novel, but is—may we say 'cunningly?'—designed to stimulate him or her to go further afield in the reading of our great Wessex writer.

R. I. MANN.

COMPANY CASE LAW, by W. G. H. COOK, LL.D. (Lond.), assisted by JOHN W. BAGGALLY, M.A. (Oxon.), 1933. XV + 172 pp. 5½ x 8½. (London: *Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.*)

In these days more and more people are taking advantage of the laws which enable them to definitely limit their liability by carrying on their businesses as limited companies. It may surprise those unacquainted with the subject that many thousands of companies are registered every year. The companies Act, 1929, governs the legal position of most of the companies, but this Act does not contain the whole of Company Law any more than any other statute can be said to contain the whole of the law concerning the subject to which it relates. For a complete understanding of the law it is necessary to be cognisant of the interpretation placed by the Courts upon certain parts of the Statutes. This can be obtained only from a perusal of the cases themselves, and in 'Company Case Law' over 140 cases relating to every important branch of Company Law have been summarised. Those who have read the usual Law Reports of Cases will know that they are long and ponderous, and reference to them by the student or company secretary is a proceeding requiring much time, patience and legal knowledge. Here, however, each case is clearly set out with its references, while references to numerous other cases are made in the explanatory notes. The principle enunciated is given as a heading in heavy type, and then follows particulars of the case. A separate paragraph sets out the decision and by which Court given. Each case is so written as to present what each case really is—a human story, and it is told in a concise manner giving all the facts. It is divided into five main



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sections dealing with : (1) Incorporation and Matters incidental thereto ; (2) Shares and Dividends ; (3) Management and Administration ; (4) Debentures ; and (5) Winding-up, while there is a good index extending over 9½ pages. The book forms a valuable companion to the ordinary text book on Company Law which so often gives only references to cases without details and leaves the enquirer in a very unsettled state of mind. Where reference is made to sections of Acts now incorporated in the Companies Act, 1929, it is very useful to find that the reference contains particulars of the relative sections in both the old Act and the new.

J. V. COUZENS.

A HISTORY OF DELOS, by W. A. LAIDLAW, M.A. *Blackwell*. 18/6 net.

This book represents the result of Mr. Laidlaw's investigations in the island of Delos, made while he was a student at the British School at Athens. It is a systematic and carefully documented history of the island from the legendary obscurity of early times to its final decay and abandonment. Pausanias, writing in the second century A.D., remarks in illustration of his views on the mutability of human affairs that 'Delos, once the common mart of Greece, has now not a single inhabitant except the guards sent from Athens to watch over the sanctuary'. Mr. Laidlaw shows that the statement of Pausanias was an exaggeration, yet the diminished importance and shrunken population of this once important centre afforded considerable justification to the moralist. 'The doors of nearly all the houses in the Street of the Theatre were filled up with stones—sealed as it were—and so were discovered by the archaeologists'.

The story of the island thus has a certain completeness, and so frequently does one meet with Delos in classical literature and history that every student of the classics will be grateful to Mr. Laidlaw for this admirable study. In this book he will find clearly but briefly surveyed the evidence of ancient writers, and above all of inscriptions, on the host of problems that arise in connection with the history, its administration and its cult, and the notes at the end of the chapters will guide him to the many detailed studies of modern writers to which these problems have given rise. Everyone will remember the story of Herodotus, of the mysterious offerings brought from the Hyperboreans to Delos wrapped in wheat straw, and the Hyperborean maidens who first conveyed them. The nature of this pilgrimage has often been discussed, and the suggestion has been made more than once that the tradition refers to an early 'amber route'. Mr. Laidlaw concludes that 'the "amber route" cannot be the whole of the story ; perhaps it has no part in it at all'.

Equally well known is the remark of Thucydides that 'when the Athenian purified Delos during the Peloponnesian war, and the tombs of the dead were opened, more than half of them were found to be Carians. They were known from the fashion of their arms, which were buried with them, and by their mode of burial, which is still practised among them'. Who were these Carians and what is their relation to other peoples of the Aegean ? To what an extent is the deduction of Thucydides a reliable one ? To the student of Greek religion Delos is of special interest. 'Was the Delian Apollo in his origin Asiatic ? Did he reach his island from the mainland of Greece ?' Such are the questions which Mr. Laidlaw discusses.

In the later period we are on surer ground, but even there scholars are sharply divided on important questions such as the neutrality of Delos, to which Mr. Laidlaw

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devotes an appendix. The organisation of the famous Confederacy of Delos falls rather into the field of Athenian history, but in a chapter on 'Athenian Control' those aspects of the league which particularly concern the island are dealt with. Other chapters are devoted to free Delos (314-166) and its local administration, the Athenian Cleruchy and special features revealed by the inscriptional evidence. These topics include the position of Italian and other nationals at Delos, the Italian Colleges, oriental corporations and cults. Mr. Laidlaw has provided his book with a select bibliography and very useful indexes.

G. F. FORSEY.

THE PRETENDERS FROM THE PULPIT, by FLORENCE REMINGTON GOODMAN.  
Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons. 3/6.

Mrs. Goodman has given us in this little book a very illuminating account of one of the most important and picturesque episodes in British history. The main object of the writer, as is shown by the title, is to depict Jacobitism as it appeared in the eyes of contemporary divines of the Anglican Church. For this purpose she devotes the main part of the book to extracts from *Tracts, Scarce and Curious*, a compilation by Dr. Pyle, one time Prebendary of Winchester.

Mrs. Goodman has written this book with obvious zest and with great skill. In her historical prefaces as well as in her choice of excerpts she has touched with a sure hand on the main causes of the failure of Jacobitism, and of the permanent exile from Britain of a family which had many admirable qualities and many weaknesses. Some of them were praiseworthy as men, but nearly all of them were as kings quite oblivious to the responsibilities of their office. They never realized the trend of events or the changing ideals of their subjects. They were rigid in their conception of royal absolutism when British ideals were rapidly moving towards Parliamentary government. They were equally rigid in their Catholicism when the chief bogey of their subjects was Rome supported by the national enemies, France and Spain. The dread of Popery and wooden shoes, so rampant in the reign of Charles II, ensured the final failure of a family which never wavered in their allegiance to Rome and their dependence on France.

Mrs. Goodman has given us a book which shows very clearly how the Church in particular faced Jacobitism, and how with all its traditions of non-resisting loyalty to the Crown, it found itself forced eventually to oppose the Stewarts. It was a very real dilemma for the Church, and the extracts from the utterances of contemporary divines well show what the authoress rightly describes as 'the turmoil which possessed the souls of the English clergy in the days of the Risings'.

E. S. LYTTTEL.



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An Annual Record of the Movement  
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based on University College  
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VOLUME III

1934-36

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